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GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

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are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the first International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

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(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 20, 1865.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grand and highest-priced Square Piano-fortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS: The Piano-fortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their praise.

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Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the Steinway Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequalled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the Steinway Piano in all respects the best instrument made in this country or in Europe, and we cheerfully and confidently recommend it to all who are desirous of purchasing a Piano for public or private use, and we recommend them to our friends and the public.

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianos of various makes in regard to their quality and sound, and we have always found them to be inferior to the Steinway Piano.

R. H. MILLER, Wm. Mason, A. H. PRATT, ROBERT GOLDEN, ROBERT HELLER, THOS. EDWARDS, HENRY C. TINE, Wm. HERRIN, C. BERGMANN, Geo. W. MOFFAT, E. MASON, MAX MARSTINE, THOS. TAYLOR, CARL ANSCHUTZ, CARL WOLFF, F. L. RITTER, F. BRANDEN, W. WOLFFENBUT, THOS. MORRISON, CHAS. WALKER, F. VON BERNHARD.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—Having used your Piano for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Piano known to us possesses to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instrument, not even of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Piano; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MARSTINE, CARL BERGMANN, CARL ANSCHUTZ, R. H. MILLER, ELISA D'ANGELO, KARL FORSTER, FRED. HELLER, PEDRO DE ABELLA, FRED. HARRISMAN, JOE. WINKLER, E. MASON, FRANK HINER, D. B. LOREN, F. MARSHALL, JOE. HERMANN, CARLOTTA C. ZUCCHI, GIUSEPPE TAMARO, BERTHA JOHANNES, Mrs. J. VAN LANT, IDOR LERNER, MAUR. FRIEDRICH, THOS. MORRISON, H. BERGMANN, PAULINE CLARKE.

Letter from the Russian Musicians and Celebrated Composer of "When the Sweet Hummers Fly," FRANK ABT.

BERLIN, Germany, September 10, 1865.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstring Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Honnesteck, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my unqualified admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the bass, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tone, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours, FRANK ABT.

BROOKLYN, January 7, 1865.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to praise your work.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good Steinway Piano.

WARRICKS, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

## THE ART OF MUSICAL CRITICISM MADE EASY.

BY E. E. N., PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AND MUSICAL MANNERS.

It has frequently struck me that several things were singular. One of these is, that so few persons are musical critics.

In Painting, every one can form and give an opinion: in Politics, we are each and all, infallible; but in Music we are timid. We are afraid of others who may know better: and yet the art is very simple.

We can, in these days easily find a royal road to learning, and even go in a carriage, if we can afford it. We can learn to paint and yet not be able to draw a straight line; we can play and never look at a scale or an exercise: and we can become musical critics and not know one note from another—or, in fact, not know anything about the subject.

Instead of studying the science, the art, or the practice, study *me*!

I have frequently been shocked by hearing persons of considerable culture simply express their admiration, and confess their ignorance, while they are consumed with envy of others who can fluently discuss the performance.

This need not be.

I repeat that an attentive study of my rules and perhaps a little personal instruction, will enable any one to shine in society as a musical character, or get a position as musical critic on a newspaper.

In the first place, like—or unlike—an ancient Greek, I exclaim: "*Manner, Manner, MANNER!*"

In a concert-room it is very easy to pick out the musical people, for there is no class that has a more decided style. There is an air of ease, of lack of responsibility, of owing no debts, and having no money, of being poor and not caring. They are not as a class handsome. On the contrary they are—I was going to say ugly, but that would not be polite to the ladies, so I will not.

But it is not necessary to wear old clothes, or to cultivate anything unbecoming to look musical, for on the contrary, I have noticed that musicians wear very nice clothes—though they always look like their best ones.

But to begin.

When you are going to a concert, go early and get a good seat. If you are badly placed your trouble will be thrown away. One against the wall is to be recommended, or on an empty bench. "Like a star, when only one," etc. The most conspicuous seat in fact. And make it your own, so that people will look there naturally for you.

Wear glasses. They give an air of wisdom to the most insipid face. As to your attitudes—simply be easy. You might study the St. Cecilia expression before a glass, and learn to throw up your eyes artistically. Look abstracted, earnest, gently nod your head at suitable intervals. Never keep time, it is vulgar. Never look around during the performance, but when all is silent and the talking buzz begins, suddenly awaken to the people around. Look around. Sigh, and then become a man of the world.

When the name of the author is obscure, relax your attention somewhat, an air of knowing too much to care for that looks well. It is a good plan to frequently carry music with you, unless you object to be taken for a music teacher, for people will often so judge you.

Two of my pupils, however, made quite a reputation by carrying a volume of Schubert's songs (Holle's edition, for it is not bound, and you can double it with the title outside) with them. They bought it for the purpose and found themselves repaid well by the remarks they frequently heard.

But one time, I was a little mortified in the Opera House, by glancing up from the parquette, and seeing them on the front row of the dress circle, busily engaged with a most extensive assortment of "Gems from Faust"! Sheet music at the opera! Horrible!

To carry a piece to a concert is very different; but never choose anything on the programme.

If you meet a friend who might look on it as an affectation, carelessly remark: "It is a little thing for *me*!"

To an oratorio, always carry the music; to an opera, never: to a concert, rarely.

But it is of the greatest importance to have a programme for the art of musical criticism is not founded on the music but the composer's name: this is important to remember.

And now we will come to the names and I will briefly give you a few hints in relation to the style in which they should be used.

You wish to be discriminating as well as critical; well, you can be.

Use certain phrases, have a certain style for certain people.

Thus, of Mozart, you must speak warmly and with enthusiasm. Praise him, of course. Yet you can use a judicious "but"—occasionally. Speak of the melody, the graceful flow of his music. Allude to him personally, sigh when you speak of his early death, and as you wonder if he could have surpassed some of the works he has left. Praise his chamber music warmly, say you can never tire of it. You may never have a chance, but that does not matter. Allude freely to his earlier operas, they are so little known that it is safe. After the music is over, smilingly turn and say: "That was very Mozartish!" It is to be presumed that his music is, but it will sound as if you studied style.

Of Haydn, your tone must be calmer, you need not speak of him as if he was your dearest friend. Praise him, but not "ff": for "ff" will do. You can say that certain passages remind you of Mozart, but you need not say which.

As for Beethoven, speak of him as if you were in church. It is unnecessary to prefer him to any other composer—some people do—but you need not; but never speak lightly of him, and never criticize him. Speak of his "wonderful harmonies," the "passion and vigor," the "amazing power" of his "grand old head," his "tempestuous soul," etc. "Grand old master—distant footsteps—corridors, etc., etc." The Beethoven style is elevated. Get up a glow of expression if you can stand it.

Of Mendelssohn you may speak as though you had played marbles, and gone to school with him. Lovingly familiar is the style. Call him pet names: say his music is "beautiful, lovely, harmonious"; say it is "the music of a cultured gentleman, the utterance of a pure and noble soul." You may get an idea of the style in which you ought to speak of him by listening to "The Midsummer-night" music. Let your terms be as graceful and easy as possible. But be careful. Do not use the Mozart manner. Of Mozart speak *con molto passione*; of Mendelssohn, *con molto sentimento*.

As for Handel, get a dictionary of synonyms, take "noble" for your basis, and form your style from that.

Bach, "the old Bach," as Frederick the Second remarked, you will probably have to speak but seldom. Do not profess familiarity with his works. You have so few opportunities of hearing his music—shameful want of culture, etc." When you do hear it, be very intent. Lose your whole soul, see and hear nothing else. Never say "Bach," without putting "Fugue" into the same sentence. The terms "*Dur*," "*Comes*," "*Repercussio*" would figure very well.

And now to come to Schumann and Chopin. The style is "Looking into the infinite,"

"Tortured by a nameless yearning, Like a frost-fire freezing, burning."

If you feel able to support this style, and have any tendencies to a green and yellow melancholy, be a lover of music. Let your hair grow, cultivate smiling with your lips only, keeping your eyes sad and serious. Speak under your breath of Chopin as if he were your dead love, your lost Leona. The "melancholy, the morbidness," the "hungry cry," the "fantastic changes of feeling," the "wied char-acter" of his music. For Chopin, *con dol.* Never think of mentioning Schumann without adding something about his "strange unusual chords." The chord of the flat seventh does not more strongly call for the tonic than his name for this phrase. Listen to his music with the air of an undertaker. It always arouses "passionate regrets," and I would advise you to have some. Sometimes you might "doubt if it is entirely healthy music," but not in the tone as if it were dyspeptic.

Schubert, admire. One of my pupils, after dilating on his variety of expression, passion, etc., calls him the Shakespeare of music, and I have noticed that it takes well.

Thus far I have dwelt on "classical" music, for

having mastered this the rest comes easy. As for opera music, study the newspaper a few seasons and you cannot fail to get the proper terms by heart. You will find that Meyerbeer is "gorgeous," "grand," "Rosini," "brilliant"; Weber "charming"; Donizetti, "fine"; Flotow, "light"; Verdi "effective"; (you can abuse the latter if you choose; you must if you are "classical."); Gounod, "passionate," and you must be dull if you are not soon posted in opera criticism.

If you adhere to the German school, call the Italian "degenerate, false to true art, substituting effects of scenery, etc., for pure musical ones," "sensational." Sneer, and say that Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon received their culture in the same school. Ask what Beethoven would have thought of Verdi! Still do not regret to go, and to admire even while deplore the Parisian influences.

If you choose to join the Italian school, you must call the Germans cold and hard, devoid of pure melody and so on. The singers poor, the music unmusical. "It may suit those who like to listen with their brain." The "rich, full color of the Italians," etc.

If a Germanite, be earnest. If an Italianian, be enthusiastic. Use musical terms, have a few musical stories and facts. Assume an air of wisdom, don't delude yourself into the idea of music being a noble and sacred art, and one not to be defiled by charlatanism, nor flippantly discussed, nor ignorantly criticised, for on the contrary it is a broad open field for jugglers or churches. He who can enter may use it; he who is blind describe it. It is free to abuse or use. There is a jargon, use it. Give lip service, and keep your soul for fine clothes, and good dinners.

(For the Saturday Press.)

## IMMORTALITY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

BY EDMUND AYLMER DUTTON.

There was once upon a time a King of Persia, acknowledged to be the most virtuous man in his realm. His subjects surmised him Dimick Djerona, which is translated "The Perfume of Roses." He was a good, a sober and a just ruler. Although he talked little, he thought much. He was a devout Mussulman; yet, notwithstanding he read the Koran at least once a week, he was no more stringent with the Jews than with those of his own creed, conscientiously believing that, despite the popular prejudice, one man was as good as another.

History has little recorded of his reign, for he died in peace, with his neighbors and subjects, and created but one new tax. Babul-Burid, an amber merchant, who has long resided in Ispahan, informed me, but yesterday, that his name is still mentioned with great reverence in all Persia, that the Persians under his reign were the most prosperous people in the world, and that their king had then been the happiest of princes, if he was at the same time the least happy of men.

Dimick Djerona often wept, and if he shed tears in abundance, it was not without cause, for he was governed by reason in all he did. Two misfortunes had afflicted his life; the wise have declared that one was too great for so excellent a man. His wife was the occasion of the first of these misfortunes. Dimick Djerona, who was homely, had married a very beautiful woman. This princess, who was called Kytmir (the down of the peach), fell in love and eloped with one of the King's guards. The prince read all that had ever been written on the inconstancy of woman, and bought, at the market in Shiraz, a slave as handsome as Kytmir; but nothing could efface the latter from his memory, for, as the poet Saadi affirms, "The scabbard is a poor substitute for the blade," and nothing will operate as a balm for the wounds of inconstancy. For his first calamity he had begun to be consoled by the presence of his infant male heir, which had been left him by Kytmir, when the child became the cause of his second grief—more poignant even than the first.

Hafiz (that was the name of his son), was a very frivolous youth. His days and most of his nights were spent in chawing the intoxicating sibil leaf, and in loafing about the coffee houses with the young idlers of Ispahan. One of his greatest diversions



or pastimes was to bind chestnut burrs to the tails of hapless dogs, and force them thus to bark, to the annoyance of passers-by. Another trick was to fasten silken cords from booth to booth, in the market-places, and thereby trip up the Jewish traders. These illustrations indicate a natural propensity to evil, and a want of seriousness. Dimick Djerona strove to mould his character by making him attend at the sessions of his privy council; but in the presence of the grave councillors Hafiz showed himself to be no less mischievous than in the street. He amused himself during these sittings by firing off crackers under the noses of the councillors who slept, and by catching beetles and letting them loose in the chamber. The king, at length despairing of his son's ever taking any interest in the affairs of state, assembled the Ekmedji-bendis, to consult with them in reference to the choice of a more worthy successor to the throne.

Nietuhr-Kan (silver tongue), who presided at the convocation, remarked, after the communication of the king had been formally received:—"One can impede the source of a river with a needle; but when it is allowed to run full to the brim, the stream sweeps away everything in its path. The tree that is just budding into life may be uprooted by the effort of a man; but if it is allowed to grow, it can not be torn up by a plough. Great King, when the finger of Allah has marked an object, it must not be expected that a change will be easily effected in its nature. How foolish would it be, for example, to attempt to dam or draw off the sea. Even so with thy son, O Prince. If he now be restrained, and his habits become properly acquired, he may be a useful man and a discreet ruler."

Nietuhr-Kan, who was pre-eminently wise, and conceded to be the greatest orator in the kingdom, devoted several hours, without ceasing, to an endeavor to persuade the King of the truth of his remarks.

## II.

About this time, the King fell seriously ill. From afar had come the most celebrated doctors, each bringing a different remedy; but after every new prescription the condition of the king became more alarming. All had begun to lose hope, when one morning a shrivelled little old man, with a humped back, requested admittance at the door of the palace, so poorly clad that the guards were unwilling to let him enter. As he insisted, however, they mentioned the fact to the King, who ordered that the applicant should be conducted into his presence. The little humped-back was accordingly led through a long gallery crowded with courtiers; and as he limped along, he listened to all that was said.

The different groups were very animated, and were generally discussing the condition of the dying king.

"He is a good man," remarked some, "but he has a weak head."

"His son will be more enterprising," observed another.

"One can speak the truth to-day," remarked still another.

Suddenly the gong was beaten, and all bowed low to the ground, when the son of the king passed before them.

"Alas!" sighed the little humped-back to himself, as the Prince passed before him. At last the petitioner was ushered into the presence of the King.

"What do you wish of me?" inquired the latter.

"My sovereign master," responded the poor humped-backed, "I have come hither in obedience to the interpretation of a recent dream; but on my way hither my experience has been sad."

"Enough," said the King, smiling. "Repeat to me thy dream."

"With joy, my dear lord, for it disclosed to me the only remedy that will save you."

This inspiring response was so emphatic that it afforded all the doctors, who were naturally incredulous, considerable merriment. They were so convulsed with laughter, it was with difficulty that they restrained themselves, even for decency's sake, out of respect for their king.

"My much-loved Prince," continued the humped-back, who paid no attention to the superciliousness of the doctors, "the dream to which I allude is a marvellous truth. I was seated on the massy sword of a verdant grove, where the birds warbled in the foliage, and the odor of the flowers around me seemed like that of paradise. Not a human sound could be discerned. It was during the early morning, and I had fallen asleep, when I heard a voice say to me: 'Arouse thyself! How darest thou sleep when thy king suffers? Make haste and tell him to dispatch a faithful servant to the Fountain of Life, to obtain a draught of water that will render him immortal. Do this that Dimick Djerona may live eternally for the welfare of his people! I flew on the wings of the wind, O, my king, and am now before thee.'"

The King, thanking the little humped-back, ordered him to be taken care of and to be provided with whatsoever he wished.

When he had withdrawn, the doctors, conversing among themselves, said: "That man is a fool—a quack," and they thought the king's spirits were probably brighter for listening to his twaddle.

A dead silence prevailed in the audience-chamber of the invalid king, when suddenly Hafiz entered.

"I have overheard your conversation," exclaimed he, "and I understand, my father, what your people will lose in losing you. Give me the best horse in your stables, and for a companion the most devoted of your servants. Tho' this river be at the end of the world, I will seek it and bring you thencefrom

some of this water that will endow you with immortality."

"Go, Hafiz," replied the King, deeply agitated. "You will thus prove yourself a worthy son, and God will bless your enterprise."

Hafiz embraced his father and departed.

## III.

In a few hours the horse of Hafiz was flying with all possible speed. The Prince traveled night and day, traversing mountains, plains, rivers, lakes, deserts, towns and hamlets. He journeyed across entire kingdoms. He had been travelling thus, for many days, vainly seeking this marvellous spring, when he arrived at a town which was reported to be peopled with the wisest men of the world. Noticing a large number congregated together.

"Which of you," cried Hafiz, "can direct me to the spring of water that renders immortal?"

All burst into loud laughter at this, and turned their backs on the Prince. Still he continued on his way, asking whomever he met where the spring was; but all he interrogated laughed in his face.

Discouragement weighed upon his soul, when he encountered an old man, whose noble traits inspired respect, to whom he communicated his troubles.

"My child," said the old man to him, "Allah will bless thee, because thou lovest thy father, and devoteest thyself to him; but look no longer for the Spring of Life. Thou wilt never find it. Return to Persia, and defy thou the falsehood and hypocrisy of those who have urged this foolish enterprise."

"I will go to the end of the world first," replied Hafiz, and he spurred his horse onward.

That morning he arrived in the realms of the King Djeghala, the most powerful ruler among men. This sovereign, who controlled a dozen kingdoms, and whose mention made his neighbors tremble, was said to be able to gaze upon the sun without a frown, and to make the stars pale before his glance. Hafiz stood on the borders of an extensive plain, on which he beheld encamped the magnificent suite of this illustrious potentate, surrounded by a guard of armed men as many and numerous as the drops of dew in May.

"I bow to the most powerful of kings," said the Prince, in approaching the monarch's tents.

Djeghala smiled on hearing the salutation and perceiving the modest equipage of Hafiz.

"Hail, Prince!" he replied. "What motive brings thee into my domains?"

"I am in quest of the Spring of Life, which renders man immortal," replied Hafiz.

At this response Djeghala broke into a boisterous laugh. The generals and courtiers in his train, seeing their king laugh, laughed also; and then, after them, the chiefs of the legions and the inferior officers, and at length the soldiers roared aloud, so that the plain shook with the terrible convulsion.

"Poor fool, who seeks for the Spring of Immortality!" Djeghala thundered, while all the mouths echoed, in the same breath, "Aye!"

"Thou seest, Prince, this water does not exist," remarked the King to Hafiz; "cease, then, thy vain search; but, before returning home, take this horse and become my companion on a journey I am about to take across my dozen kingdoms, inhabited by a thousand million subjects."

Hafiz mounted the horse that was provided for him, and set out with the king. They journeyed so swiftly that the king's poets, who traveled with Djeghala, compared the dispatch of their steeds to the leaves of the almond-tree blown by the simoons, and one of the learned men of the court estimated that the two riders had attained eighty-six times the swiftness of a javelin, launched with vigorous hand.

What afforded Prince Hafiz most pleasure in this jaunt, however, was not so much the interest that was taken by Djeghala in his dozen kingdoms, as the profound science with which his host discussed all subjects. The King, in fact, did not utter a sentiment, that was not confirmed by the replies of his subjects to whom he addressed himself.

The Prince, on his return from this excursion, took leave of the king, after deciding to discontinue his journey.

## IV.

As Hafiz was sorrowfully returning to the boundary of Persia, he met a beggar, who observed to him:—

"Why dost thou abandon thy project, Prince Hafiz? Attach no importance to the empty words of Djeghala, or to the servile echoes of his subjects. Djeghala is a vain tyrant, and his people are slaves, who tremble at his voice. This marvellous spring exists; but thou hast gone only half thy journey. Resume thy way, and walk for twenty days and twenty nights; and when the trees have blossomed, and the sheep have been turned to pasture; when the kids have begun to skip about and browse the first buds, then, in the late spring time, thou wilt see afar, towards the North, a high mountain—the loftiest peak of the globe. This mountain incessantly opens and closes; but do not be frightened by this. Spur thy horse onward, and leap the chasm without hesitating, for on the opposite side is the Spring of Immortality."

The Prince danced with joy on receiving this reassurance, and his desire to save his father was so great that he did not delay to hear the direction repeated. The servant of Hafiz followed his master without a murmur, for in Persia the devotion of servants is remarkable.

At the expiration of twenty days and nights of

wearisome travel, Hafiz perceived the terrible mountain.

He immediately dismounted from his horse, bowed his face to the earth, and addressed a prayer to Allah. Then he committed several charges to his faithful servant, directing him, if the mountain should close on him, to return to Persia and announce the news of his death. The servant wept profusely, and in detaching his master's cloak involved his person, the Angel Anadi, not to let the Prince perish. It was the only favor he would bestow upon him. Hafiz promptly remounted his horse, planted himself firmly in his saddle and spurred for the opening.

The son of Dimick Djerona was the best horseman in all Persia; but just as he reached the yawning abyss, his horse stumbled so that he thought he would fall. Far from losing courage, however, he vigorously urged his animal forward.

He leaped—leaped, and already the mountain yawned beneath him, and he was whirling madly through the air. The steed of Hafiz launched his master upon the jutting rocks, and fell backward into the unfathomable abyss.

While Hafiz sat partially stunned upon the rocks, uncertain whither to go, he described the most beautiful voice he had ever heard. It sounded like a woman's accents; and, although his tutor had warned him never to approach or trust in woman, he anxiously listened, that he might discover whence the voice proceeded; but the moment he advanced the sound seemed more remote. Suddenly there ensued a frightful cracking; the earth trembled and shook; the sun became obscured, and Hafiz believed himself lost. In short, the mountain was about to reclose, when the Prince hastily escaped from the verge of the rocks, and avoided the terrible pinners—leaving no memento besides the tail of his coat.

The Persian found himself standing, as if by enchantment, on the border of a wide plain, which glowed in the sunlight, while flowers budded and bloomed under his feet, and rains and figs hung thriftily from their branches, to be plucked at his very touch. An orange grove invited him to repose in its fresh and delicious shade.

Hafiz stood amazed; but he became more so, when, having advanced a few steps, he heard a bal-lad in which he recognized the voice that had before charmed him. Through the branches of the orange grove he perceived a little dale, from the midst of which gushed a fountain of purest water. On the brink of this fountain reclined a beautiful virgin.

Thrice Hafiz rubbed his eyes, and thrice he swore, by the sainted name of Allah, that he had never before beheld a woman so exquisitely moulded, and bearing the stamp of excellence so strongly in every feature. When he reviewed his experience of the world, and recalled the many acquaintances he had formed, he saw that, beyond the shape of her nose and the lustre of her eyes, this young girl had natural intelligence, a sweetness of temper and a sincerity of heart such as he had never before met with. These reflections occurred very rapidly, for the ejaculations of surprise he uttered had attracted the beautiful lady towards the bushes where he strove to conceal himself.

"Hail, Hafiz!" said she, advancing. "Thou camest, in behalf of thy father, to find the water that will render him immortal. Fill thy amphora at this spring, which contains the water of life."

Hafiz started on hearing his name pronounced, and discovering the object of his journey to be divined.

"I have long waited for thee," continued the maiden, "for thy father is the only king among men who would receive me into his palace since my banishment from Greece. I am called Aretie."

Since it is on this name Aretie that centres the principal interest of this little tale, we would venture a word of its origin. In the martial poems of Simeri, the situation of the Greeks, forsaken by Aretie, meaning *courage*, is a reproach addressed by the free mountaineers to the enslaved men of the plains. "If we had recovered our independence in 1858," once observed Calocationis, the celebrated chief of the Armatoles, "we should have been indebted for our resurrection to the inspiring songs of Simeri. We have held, for over four centuries, the beacons of liberty."

Hafiz threw himself at the feet of the beautiful speaker.

"I will deliver thee," cried he, "and thou shalt be free to roam over the whole world. I will deliver thee or perish."

Aretie did not appear offended at the sudden outburst of the Prince; but she appeared buried in deep thought, after which she replied:—

"Alas, Prince! It is easy to die; but why dost thou wish to save me?"

"Because I love thee."

"Then shalt thou be immortal!" exclaimed Aretie. Hafiz arose, ran to the spring, and, filling his amphora, returned to Aretie.

"Art'st ready to follow me and share my fortune?" asked he; and without giving her time to reply, he seized a horse which appeared to have been provided for his use, mounted Aretie upon the saddle before him, and spurring his extemporized steed, recrossed the mountain chasm with lightning speed.

On the other side of the gorge he was rejoined by his faithful horse, and resumed his journey to Persia. The party traveled day and night, almost without resting, for Hafiz feared his father might not live till his return.

At length, they reached the wall of Ispahan.

But, alas! as they were entering the gate of the Castah, an ass-driver stupidly jostled his beast

against the horse of Hafiz, and broke the amphora that hung at the Prince's saddle-bow.

"Alas!" sobbed the unhappy Prince, on reaching the chamber of the king. "Alas! my father, I have journeyed to the end of the world in quest of the Spring of Life, and the precious water I obtained has been split by the ass-driver from Ispahan."

"Do not reproach thyself, my son," said the king, attracted by the beautiful virgin at his side. "The water thou gathered could not render me immortal. True, unadvisedly caused in running our children in that of our children. Thou hast van Aretie. She is the noblest betrothed upon earth. I am now happy in dying, for I feel assured my people will be happy and prosperous."

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

### TRAVELLER.

It was in ancient Italy a deadly hatred grew  
Between old Caleb Capulet and Moses Montague.  
Now Caleb had an only son, a dapper little beau,  
The pet of all the pretty girls, by name young Romeo.  
And Moses owned a female girl, just home from boardin' school,  
Miss Juliet was her Christian name, (for short they called her Jule)  
To bring the lady out he gave a ball at his plantation,  
And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation.  
One Tybalt, kinsman of the host, began to scowl and pout,  
And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out.  
When Moses saw the fun he said, "My cousin, don't be cross:  
Behave yourself, or leave the room—art you or I the boss?"  
When Juliet saw young Romeo his beauty did enchain her,  
And Romeo he fell in love with Juliet instant.  
Lost their dads should spoil the fun, but little time they tarried,  
But straightway went to Friar Lawrence's cell, and privately were married.

O, cruel fate!—next day the groom met Tybalt on the square,  
And Tybalt, being very drunk, at Romeo did swear.  
Then Romeo his weapon drew (a knife of seven blades)  
And stuck it into Tibby's ribs, which laid him in the shades.  
Then Romeo he ran up and down, through alley, street and square.

The Charles ran, o'ertook their man, and brought him 'fore the mayor;  
And then the worthy magistrate most savagely did frown.  
Says he, "Young man, y' a lose your head or else vamoose this town."

He chose the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine;  
"Alas!" said he, "our honey-moon is nothing but moonshine!"  
And now, to make the matter worse, old Moses did enbaras;  
And said that she must give her hand to noble Count de Paris.  
"He is a comely youth," said he, "to-day he comes to woo,  
And shouldst—if you don't marry him I'll soundly wallop you."  
She straight went to the friar's cell to see what must be done;  
The friar he said to go to bed and take some laudanum—  
"Twilt make you sleep and seem as dead—thus you'll escape this blow!"

A humbugged man your dad will be—a dead one Romeo!"  
She drank, and she slept—she seemed as dead—she buried her next day—

That she pegged out her lord got word, far off in Mantua;  
Said he, "Of life I've had enough; I'll hire Bluff King's mule,  
Lay in a pint of baldface rum, and lie to-night with Jule."  
He rode unto the sepulchre, 'mong dead folks, bats and crows,  
And swallowed down the poison dose—when Juliet opened her peepers.

"Are you alive, or is it your ghost? Speak quick before I go."  
"Alive," she said, "and kicking too; art thou my Romeo?"  
"It is your Romeo," he said, "my faded little blossom!"  
Ah, Juliet!—is it possible that you are playing possum?  
"I am, my dear, now let's go home—Pa's fire will be abated,  
Oh!—what's the matter, Romeo?—are you inebriated?"  
"Ah, no, my love, I only took a little dose of physic;  
It makes me feel quite bad, I own—a little somewhat seasick."  
Now, sooner than a playful lamb could shake his tail or jump,  
Poor Romeo was as stiff and pale as any whitewashed pump.  
Then Juliet that same weapon drew and in her bosom stuck it,  
Let out a most terrific yell, fell down, and kicked the bucket.

(For the Saturday Press.)

## THE FLANEUR.

### II.

I cannot get out of my head the feeling of the coming Spring.

Each of the days when the blue sky arches so clear from horizon to horizon, and the whole air is so laden with the breath of life that even the dust suggests the pollen of future flowers, makes me more and more rejoice in the delights of flaneur.

What can life offer more glorious, or more permanent?

Contraries meet always in the periphery of the circle which bounds everything; thus somehow the climate of this country which keeps the inhabitants in a constant state of excitement, as though with wine, and is the cause of our high cheek-bones, our nervous activity, our over-work, yet gives some glorious flaneur days, such as it seems to me I never found in Europe.

To flane is not to laze—that's for the tropics and the South.

The foliage even is lazy there—the great big leaves that stand up all day in the burning sun—the ground all parched—the heat like a glowing furnace—even unconscious thought too great an exertion—there flaneur is impossible.

In the place of philosophers you have the lazzaroni, or the South American as the indigenous production.

But where the leaves dance in the air and sunshine—where the sunshine is not too hot to make the shady side of the street a necessity—where the fruits do not secrete the overpowering sweets or the pungent flavors of the tropics, but the delicious vegetable acids which the body longs for after a winter's siege of parsnips and potatoes—where exercise is a pleasure—there is the land of the flaneur; there, in his ordinary intercourse with his fellow-men, he gathers unconsciously those rich stores of wisdom for which he is distinguished.

This is the theory; judge for yourself of the fact.

The Abbé Gallani, of whom, perhaps, you never heard, was so good a fellow that he almost reconciled me to the entire class of Abbés. He was a friend of Madame D'Epinay, of D'Holbach, and of all that set, whom the stupidly wise would condemn as the authors of the Revolution; as though when the Spring-time comes with its freshets, they are not caused more by the frost and snow which have laid all winter deadening the earth, than by the warm rains which dissolve them.



Well, the Abbé used to say that a nation was free in direct ratio to its propensity for meddling with its neighbor's affairs.

He was apt to be paradoxical; but a paradox at the worst is a truth only reversed, not perverted or distorted: it is looking at the landscape between your legs—the effect in both instances being novel and striking.

Now the persons or the people most in a condition for meddling with the affairs of others, are those who attend to their own with leisure—that is, those who flay over them: so with one paradox you may correct the other, and come to find a nugget of pure truth in your grasp when you least expected it.

Here, then, is a subject for a folio, such as men did not hesitate to write nor publishers to publish some two centuries ago. I can fancy it:—

#### THE NATIONAL DUTY OF FLANING;

OR,

SOME CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE BENEFITS TO BE DERIVED FROM A LEISURELY INTERMEDDLING WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.

BY T. F.

But no; I had rather not put it into a folio. The age of folios is gone.

Wordsworth was once asked by a friend, why he printed his "Excursion" in a quarto.

"In order to show my sense of its importance," he replied.

For an analogous reason I should fancy my treatise in a folio, but for a fact I should rather see it printed as it is.

There is too much in life, now, to trouble ourselves with folios: besides, who could flay with a folio in his pocket.

I know a man who takes the five volumes "Bayle" in the country with him for his summer reading; and there was a French bibliophile whose boast it was that he had brought his entire collection home, as he bought it, in his pockets, and who accordingly had his garments arranged with a folio pocket, a quarto pocket, an octavo pocket, a duodecimo pocket, etc.: but these are exceptions; they are the solitary living specimens of an extinct genus.

The wisdom men used to gain by flaying through libraries of folios, is now to be gained by flaying through the crowds of our fellow-men.

It is with men, and not with books, that our business lies: there are the veins of wisdom we would work.

Leave this, and come and seek them with

THE FLANEUR.

[From Punch.]

#### EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Mr. Goodchild, whom you may recollect as giving those charmingly instructive juvenile parties years and years ago, went with us the other evening to hear Mr. Phelps in "Richelieu" at Drury Lane. Having wrapped ourselves up very carefully, on account of the draught in the stalls, we regretted to one another that we were unable to obtain railway rugs and hot water bottles from the attendants, who might make small fortunes by accepting remuneration for the loan of these articles. We hope to see a notice to the effect that "opera-glasses, hot-water bottles, programmes, and railway rugs can be obtained on application to the box-keeper."

We thought every one knew about "Richelieu." If Mr. Goodchild is correct in his report, we were wrong. He depones to the following dialogue:—

SCENE.—Stalls in Drury Lane Theatre. Time—after seven.

Newly-married Wife (to Newly-Married Husband, who, she supposes, knows everything). John, who wrote this "Richelieu?"

Newly-married Husband (rather startled by this sudden search after knowledge). Who wrote "Richelieu?" (Feels that if he hasn't an answer ready, his authority is in danger). Who—(Wife is about to repeat the question, when her husband takes advantage of a movement on the stage to check her inquiries by saying, in a whisper) Ssssssh! I'll tell you presently.

[Young Wife's attention is hereby directed to the stage, and newly-married gentleman obtains a respite.

Young Lady (of High Church tendencies, to her sister). He was a Cardinal (alluding to Mr. Phelps.) I wish the Bishop of Oxford was dressed like that. Wouldn't it be grand?

Sister (argumentative young lady). But Richelieu wasn't a bishop.

First Young Lady. O yes, he was. (To Uncle George, who in another two minutes would have been asleep). Wasn't he, uncle?

Uncle George. Eh, my dear? What? Eh?

[Inclines his ear to his niece, trying to keep his eyes fixed on the stage at the same time, in case she may ask him about what's going on.

First Young Lady. Richelieu was a bishop, wasn't he?

Uncle George (who up to this moment has not considered the subject). O, yes, he was—at least he wasn't exactly what we call a bishop—he was a (pulls himself together with a strong effort, and calls to mind a history of England, with pictures, that he used to read when a boy)—a Prime Minister.

First Young Lady (surprised, but glad to exhibit her knowledge of these subjects). O, like Lord John Russell?

Uncle George (finds that he "really has quite forgotten his history"). No—no—no—(taking refuge under the show of promoting instruction, with good humored sever-

ity). You ought to read it. You ought to read it—First Young Lady. What, uncle?

Uncle George (who would like to answer "books" generally, replies, hurriedly). The history of—

[Shakes his head at the two girls, as much as to say, "You're interrupting the performance;" focuses at the stage, smiles, and says "Ssssssh!" The niece determines to have it out afterwards.

Critical Young Gentleman ("reading law" in the Temple). I enjoy seeing Shakespeare.

Charles, his friend (a drawing room amateur). Yes, but this isn't Shakespeare.

Critical Young Gentleman (apparently amused at his own ignorance). That's funny. I always thought it was Shakespeare's.

[Refers to his bile, and finds that he has been looking at a prospective advertisement of "Shylock."

Charles, his friend (who has no bill to refer to). Did you? (Thinks it, on the whole, as well to change the subject.) Have you seen the pantomime here?

Critical Young Gentleman. No. But that's very odd about Shakespeare. I wonder how I got that into my head. Of course, it's by—by—

Thinks of Sheridan Knowles, but his friend gives him no assistance.

Man in the pit, close behind. Ssssssh!

[Charles, his friend, blesses Man in Pit. Critical Young Gentleman looks round defiantly at Man in the Pit; Man in the Pit cracks a nut, and the piece proceeds.

Theatrical person with an order, and a stout lady in Dress Circle. Phelps is very good in this.

Stout Lady. He looks exactly like—Lor', what's his name?—Beldemonio—

Theatrical Person. O, Fechter, not a bit—

Stout Lady (amused). Not Fechter—Lor' no. The old Cardinal in that. He's the same, isn't he?

Theatrical Person. No (puzzled)—yes—at least it's the same time. But his name was—dear me—(thinks)—

Stout Lady. Fiftus something—Fiftus the Sixth.

Theatrical Person (right at last) No, no, you mean Sixtus the Fifth. (Loudly, for the information of the audience). Yes, Sixty-Six. I mean Sixtus the Sixth—no, Fifth—same time as Richelieu.

Audience, (to Theatrical Person). Ssssssh!

[Theatrical Person pities them, and holds his tongue.

[At the end of Act I., the Newly-married Gentleman has discovered, from his bill, that Richelieu lived in the time of Louis the Thirteenth. This, in a weak moment, he communicates to his wife.]

Newly-Married Young Lady. O, yes, dear, I see. But I always confused him with Mazarin. (Newly-married Gentleman smiles feebly, and wishes he hadn't spoken. Was Mazarin after or before Richelieu?

Newly-Married Young Gentleman. Oh, he was—er—(Looks at nothing through his opera glasses)—he was—(stands up in the stalls to give himself time)—oh (boldly)—he was after—yes, after Richelieu. (Uses opera-glasses vaguely.)

First Swell (who has come in during the first Act, to his friend). Doosid handsome dressing-gown the old boy (meaning Mr. Phelps) had on. Eh?

Second Swell. Yaaa; turned up with fur. Think I shall have one made like it.

First Swell (laughingly). What's the story of this thing, eh?

(Second Swell (not to be outdone). Oh, I don't know. Can't say much for the gals in it, eh?

[Looks about.

Elderly Gentleman from the Country (in the Pit, with a last week's bill of the Merchant of Venice bought outside the theatre). Capital! First-rate! (At supper he tells his friends how delighted he's been with Mr. Phelps at Shylock.)

My friend Mr. Goodchild had, up to this time, been rejoicing in the returning taste for the legitimate, he now thinks "the public want instruction, Sir."

(From Dickens' All in Year Round.)

#### GENII OF THE RING.

The ring is a prize ring, and the genii are pugilists. The cabalistic signs and words used by the latter; the magical effects produced and the rapid changes effected on the human face by the weird mysteries they practise; the strange rites observed by them, their laws, penalties, and rewards, have always had a painful fascination for me. I am pained that I can never hope to be affiliated, and fascinated because the fortunate beings whose attributes I covet are, by virtue of their magic, endowed with strange strength, skill, and hardihood, and are apparently impervious to blows and shocks which would stretch ordinary mortals lifeless on the ground. As unlawful magicians they would be worth studying, but it is as professors of a more or less recognised art we have to consider them now. Their hopes and fears, emotions, pleasures, sorrows, cares—how far do they differ in these from you and me, from the tradesman who sells us beef and mutton, from the inventor of a new piece of mechanism, from the painter of pictures and the writers and readers of books? Bent upon gauging this, I sought and obtained an introduction to the editor of a journal (and let me add, a really upright and honest journal) which is known wherever the English tongue is spoken; a journal whose boast is that it never sleeps; and which, having long survived the generation of bucks, and bloods; and Corinthians to whose tastes it ministered originally, is still the guide, philosopher, and friend of the great sporting world.

Few things have surprised me more than the contrast between the newspaper-office of my imagina-

tion and the newspaper-office of sober fact. Every expectation I had formed was falsified by results. The printers were not slangy; the sober decorum of the boys, messengers, and clerks was such that they might have been in the service of an evangelical magazine; while the gentlemen composing the editorial department were the gentlemen of society, the gentlemen you meet in clubs and drawing-rooms, and, so far as I saw, without a fox's head or a horse's hoof amongst them in the way of ornament. Had the compositor's smacked of the race-course, the literary staff been unmistakably fast, the publishers loud, and the boys and messengers redolent of stable-talk, I should have accepted all as the appropriate condition and surroundings of a great sporting organ. Instead of this, I was politely welcomed in an establishment which is not merely sedately respectable in tone, but is one where the kindness and good feeling existing among its members are so obvious and marked as to convey the impression of a family party in some Utopia where relations never quarrel. The constant chronicle of prize-fights, the weekly analysis of studs, the commenting week after week upon the "performances" of horses, the "points" of dogs, and the scores at cricket and billiards, have had no effect on the demeanor of those deputed to discharge these high trusts. Having seen the offices of newspapers celebrated for the strictness of their principles and the purity of their tone, I declare that of The Sleepless Life to excel them all in its air of placid respectability and genteel quietude.

This is the room where the editor holds a levee every Friday afternoon throughout the year. Portraits of the late Mr. Sayers and other famous professors adorn one side of it, while the great fight at Farnborough, the celebrated trotting mare Vixen—apparently pursued by a large velocipede—and other interesting pictures, cover the remaining walls. I soon hear a fund of instructive anecdotes concerning the professors. The three gentlemen present have all been at different times maltreated or threatened at their hands. The office of referee at great prize-fights has been filled by each of them, and that refined-looking man writing at the table in the corner, was beaten until he was insensible a few weeks ago. A fight was in progress, and he had been appealed to as umpire whether a certain blow came within the conditions laid down by the rules of the ring. The backers of the two men, not unnaturally took different views, one party maintaining it was "a foul," and claiming the victory for the man struck, the other insisting it was legitimate, and that the combat must proceed. Some abouting and strong language, amid which the second of the man said to have been improperly hit appealed to the referee, "Voun't that a foul, now, sir?" and almost in the same breath, "Oh! it weren't, weren't it?—then take that, yer (noun substantive), and that, and that!" accompanying each "that" with a savage blow under the ear, in the region of the heart, and upon the head. The referee fell insensible, and his physical monitor, Mr. Ross Filer, having thus satisfied his Spartan sense of justice, went back to his corner with the air of a man who had done his duty in spite of opposition. Legal redress for the outrage was of course impossible, the business of the gathering and the gathering itself being alike forbidden by law; but retribution has, for all that, fallen upon Mr. Filer. That energetic zealot unites the business of a publican with the pastime of prize-fighting, and he has, since his brutal conduct, been declared dead to the world of sporting readers. His name is properly tabooed by the sporting press, his sparring displays and benefits are never chronicled, and the professors themselves speak of him as a blackguard whom there is no redeeming. So much for Mr. Filer, who had, at a previous fight, encouraged another of the gentlemen before me, in the impartial discharge of his judicial functions, by the cheering speech, "If he doesn't do wot's right (i. e. what it suits the pocket of me, Ross Filer, to call right), we'll murder him!" A previous editor of the Sleepless, while acting as judge at a prize-ring, receiving a blow from a bludgeon, from which he never really rallied, and which caused his death. His immediate successor has been hitherto more fortunate, never having been actually struck, though frequently threatened. He pointed out a particular corner of the room we were in, between the window and the fire, where, by placing your back firmly against the wall and seizing the poker, you may, always supposing you are a good hand at single-stick, protect yourself effectually against violence. This was no imaginary hypothesis. The speaker has had to adopt these precautions more than once when conversing with the professors, and when the arguments of the latter have assumed the shape of clenched fists and foul threats.

While I mastered these suggestive details, and learned that several well-known pugilists were expected to drop in that afternoon, the crowd outside had gradually increased. The small groups outside the two public-houses opposite had received numerous additions, and had now merged together so as to form a thick fringe of frothy humanity, which covered the pavement to right and left, balanced itself uneasily on the kerbstones, and at last overflowed on to the roadway. Not a prepossessing crowd by any means. Irish laborers of distinctly bibulous tendencies, who looked listlessly to right and left as if for a new excitement, and expectorated thoughtfully when a prize-fighter passed them; hangers-on of the ring who might be hired for sparring purposes at a shilling an hour, and who stood like cabhorses on a stand; hangers-on of the pugilists who were waiting patiently in the hope that stakes would be drawn or deposits made, and that eleemosynary stimulants

would be the conditions upon which their services as witnesses or friends would be required; dissipated-looking men whose abstract love for pugilism had brought them here to feast their eyes upon the heroism of their worship; thieves and cardsharps on the look out for prey; and over all and indescribable air of worthless, dissolute raffishness; such was the mob in waiting outside the Sleepless office. For, two mighty combats had been fought in the preceding week; and the principals and seconds in each were, as it was well known, expected to confer with the editor, and talk over their future. On the previous Monday the Welsh mammoth, O'Boldwin, had beaten Augustus Oils, after a protracted fight, for one hundred pounds, in which, I have since read, the latter was "defeated but not disgraced;" and on the very day before our interview those well-known heroes, Raven and Rile, had fought for three hours and a half, for four hundred pounds, when, to the intense disgust of their backers and admirers, "both men got very weak, and showed symptoms of the cold shivers setting in," so it was agreed to draw the stakes, from the physical impossibility of either man striking a finishing blow to make him winner. These champions and their friends were the attraction of the day, and a knock at the door announced the arrival of the gallant Rile's second, Mr. Black Kicks. This gentleman's patience had been sorely tried by the disappointment of yesterday, and his expressions of disgust at the untoward ending of "wot oughter been a finish one way or the other," were uttered with much feeling and sincerity. "He'd rather he lost his money, he would indeed, than have a fight end nobow, as yer may say. No, he couldn't say one was more blown than another; they was both blown, and that's truth. Rile gets wonderful slow arter he's been fightin' about two hours—wonderful slow, indeed; while Raven's never bin able to finish his man since he fought Cuss, and is, besides, allers on the slip, which ain't what Mr. Kicks calls fightin'—it ain't indeed." Kicks is a bullet-headed black-browed young fellow, whose civility to the editor reminded one somehow of vincer. A few more genial remarks on the sport of the day before, and he retires, after handing in a slip of written paper, which is carefully filed. To him succeeds a podgy pale-faced man of middle age, who can scarcely speak from cold, and whose words hiss out like steam from a teakettle. This is the veteran Tommy Stalker, of whom I hear that his fighting weight twenty years ago was nine stone four pounds, and whose arm—a great point this—now measures fifteen inches round. Stalker's errand is pacific, and his round full-moon face smiling. "It is a little benefit I'm thinkin' of thinkin' and if you'd be kind enough to give me a word in to-morrow's paper, I thought you might like to see this." "This" is a flaming red bill of the Fitzroy Music Hall, and sets forth the allurements of Stalker's night. The hero himself will, by particular desire, give his celebrated Grecian delineations—and very curious must that corpulent figure look in a skin-tight dress. The term "Grecian" has liberal interpretations at Stalker's hands, for the delineations range from Hercules and the Nemean Lion, to Romulus and Remus.

Long before I have settled how this "well-known scientific fighter" contrives to represent twins in his own fat person—a problem I have yet to solve—he retires with many smiles, and is succeeded by Rat Bangem, affectionately spoken of as "old Rat," and Beau Cuss. Bangem, a well-worn veteran, who is almost without front teeth, and whose chief peculiarity is that he always seems to be talking with his mouth full, wears a tasteful breast-pin, in which the personal pronoun "My" in large letters of gold surmounts a counterfeit human eye, and so symbolises its owner's acuteness. He is a civil-spoken fellow, who has retired from the ring, and now keeps a well-known tavern. Cuss is a candidate for the championship of England, being pledged to fight Zebedee Spice next May, for two hundred pounds and the belt. Both Rat and he are very full of the contest of last Monday. O'Boldwin was originally a pupil of Bangem's, who picked him up in the streets, and, fascinated by his size and promise, gave him the rudiments of his fistic education. Another publican and ex-pugilist, David Garden, was O'Boldwin's second at the fight he won last Monday; but Bangem does not mind this, and talks with great feeling of old times, before O'Boldwin was anything but physically great. Cuss is a dark-complexioned man of middle height, and apparently of immense strength. A deep broad chest, which seems almost bursting through the rough-napped black cutaway coat and waistcoat buttoned over it, a short neck, lips which move, when their owner speaks or laughs, so as to show their inner half, and to thus intensify the animal expression of the face, a hand and arm which look fit to fell a bullock, and sturdy legs, which seem as if a bullock's strength could not shake them, make Cuss a formidable competitor for the honors of the ring. His conversation is rather satiric than animated, and turns chiefly upon the amount of deposit-money he and Spice have yet to pay. I gather that whereas five pounds were now paid by each man every Friday, the time approaches when the weekly instalment must be doubled. Of the drawn battle yesterday between Raven and Rile, it is Mr. Cuss's opinion "both men had a chance to win;" while his contempt for a combatant who admitted after a battle that he wasn't "so much hurt as he thought he was," is too deep for words, and finds vent in expectoration. The point is mooted whether, in the event of Cuss winning the belt, he will be able to keep it afterwards, against O'Boldwin the redoubtable; whereupon the face of Cuss assumes a doggedly savage expression as it has been my lot to see, and his

(Continued on Page 8.)



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## Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

When you can't be witty yourself, Mr. Editor, what a consolation it is to be the cause of wit in others!

The reflection is not a new one, to be sure, but it comes home to me with great force this week in consequence of my just having been the cause of perhaps the most brilliant *jeu d'esprit* of the season.

You know that on Thursday night Max Maretzek gave a grand ball at the Academy of Music for the benefit of that rising young artist, Mr. Thomas Nast.

The affair was called, for some reason, a "Bal d'Opera;" but that is of no consequence, one way or the other, except that there being no such phrase as "Bal d'Opera" in any known language, we should like to know—Mr. Nast and myself—why it was used.

However, let that go: what I am coming at is that among the most amusing incidents of the ball was a series of letters purporting to have been written by several more or less distinguished persons in answer to a request on the part of the management for "a few jokes."

Now among these letters (all, it is needless to say, written by the brilliant management), was one bearing my own humble signature, and exhibiting so much genuine wit and humor that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of copying it.

Here, then, is this marvellous document, quoted word for word, from a report in the Times:

In great haste.  
Perhaps, my dear Colonel, you think I am going to do it.  
No did I.  
But I am not.  
There are people who can.  
I can't.  
But I will for the next Opera Bal.  
You might try Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FIGARO.

Now really, Mr. Editor, if I thought that after writing twenty years more—making a hundred or so, in all—I could possibly get off anything like that, I should be just the happiest man in the world and would actually consent to live (and write) a century or two longer.

But don't be alarmed: such rare strokes of genius come not by practice, but by inspiration; and so far from seeking to prolong my days in the hope of some day being able to equal them, I begin to weary of existence to think they are so far beyond my power.

In fact, my only comfort under the circumstances, as already suggested, is that if I cannot shine myself, I can at least be the means of causing others to shine.

Call you all this "moonshine," Mr. Editor?

Well, then, so much the worse for you.

And, now, apropos of Max's ball, let me tell you, in confidence, that I didn't go to it; nor even to Harrison's, though, but for the dancing, I should have gone to both.

You remember Napoleon's fine expression: *Je ne danse plus, je fais danser les autres?* (I don't dance any more, I make other people dance.) Well, that's about my case, and accordingly I have not been to a ball this season, having resisted the temptation even of the Arion and the Liederkreis, not to mention the Parim.

I should have gone to Harrison's, the other night, if only to pay him my personal respects as the founder of Irving Hall, (the most liberally managed institution in town), and to meet the host of good fellows which his name always brings together; but the thought of the dancing was too much for me, so I gave up the idea, and actually went—well where, do you think?

Why, of all places in the world for a Dramatic Feuilletonist, to a theatre!

Yes, and I sat nearly through the play though it lasted till after 11 o'clock, and I didn't get to Cruyt's—late Pfaff's—till too late for supper.

By the way, I told you last week that if you would meet me there, some day, I'd tell you "how to pronounce Kruit's"—cunningly spelling it with a "K" so as to give you an idea in advance.

Well, I repeat the invitation, and may add, now, as an additional inducement that the place is being newly painted and decorated, and will soon be one of the nicest-looking restaurants in town.

"But how about that theatre?" you ask.

Oh yes; I had well nigh forgotten it.

Well, it was the Olympic, and the play was "The Three Guardsmen."

I can't give you the plot; but if you'll read "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*" in about a thousand pages, by Alexander Dumas, you'll know all about it.

It won't take you more than a week and I couldn't tell you the story in less than a month.

Suffice it that the play is what is called a historical one, and that to try to follow the plot as it is developed on the stage is enough to give you the hysterics.

I saw the piece once in Paris, but it was before I knew a word of French, so I remember nothing but the scenery which was really superb, as it is also, by the way, at the Olympic.

In fact, we have had no play so well put upon the stage this season—not even "*Richelieu*," at the Winter Garden, which reminds me to suggest that Mr. Hayes, the scene-painter of the Olympic, and Mr. Selwyn, the stage-manager, ought to put up their names before long for a benefit.

I know how ill-deserved benefits are, as a rule, but in the case of these gentlemen—and gentlemen they are, as well as artists, in the best sense of the term—there is but one opinion, and that that is, the play-going public are ready to show at a moment's notice.

In fact, both Hayes and Selwyn are entitled to no small reward for the manner in which they have mounted this one piece of the "*Three Guardsmen*," which ought to run to the end of the season on account of its pictorial attractions alone.

By a strange coincidence, however, the piece is piece is not only well mounted but well acted.

Not much can be said, to be sure, of the *Richelieu* of Mr. Stoddard—who, after his brilliant success all the season, ought not to have been cast in the part—but Mr. Rowe, as D'Artagnan, gives us as clever a performance as has been seen in New York for years, while Mrs. Wood as Constance, and Madame Scheller as the Queen, rendered their parts so exquisitely as to call forth applause even from the cold-hearted critics.

Madame Scheller, it is true, has still some trouble with her English—but her voice is so pleasant, her manner so lady-like, her "make-up" so correct, and her whole performance so refined, that you soon forget her few defects of dialect, and there remains to you only a beautiful picture, shaded throughout with the utmost delicacy, and drawn with a skill that exhibits at every point the hand of an accomplished and conscientious artist.

The three "*Guardsmen*" in the play are represented respectively and respectably by Mr. J. B. Studley, Mr. G. C. Boniface, and Mr. C. H. Rockwell—the latter rather too modest for a true musketeer, it is true, but so good-looking that he passes muster in everything.

I tell you what, my dear Press, I find good looks to be a great thing in this world: how is it with you?

And apropos, my friend Gerhard who has just sent his splendid little portrait of George Arnold to the Academy for exhibition, tells me that if you will sit to him some one of these bright mornings, he'll make a picture of you that Harry Clifton would give a fortune for to put in his gallery: which reminds me that the portraits of the two press-swindlers whom I alluded to in a late Feuilleton bid fair to figure before long in the Metropolitan "*Rogues' Gallery*." (Such is life).

And speaking of galleries, Max Maretzek's, which was on view Thursday evening at the Nast ball, is likely to be remembered for a long time on account of its catalogue, which is made up in imitation of the facsimile in the SATURDAY PRESS.

It doesn't become me to say how good (or bad) the imitation is; but I will give you a few samples, and if you can attempt anything more in that way with them on your mind (N. B. We certainly cannot, ED. SAT. PRESS.) you are far less magnanimous than I had supposed.

Behold the samples!

3. A luna that cannot be eclipsed—*Bolton*.
6. His own and everybody's friend—*Kingland*.
7. A wind instrument—*Windt*.
8. A counterfeiter of nature—*Brady*.
9. One who sticks to his friends. (a gine-rious man.)—*Pain Cooper*.
10. The traveling head-centre of the opera—*Oram*.
11. A luddy-muddy-lying representative of the modern Narcissus—*Lester Wallack*.
12. The wretch who did it all—*THOMAS NAST*.
13. The pacific mail—*L. W. Jarvis*.
14. Phoenix, an early bird who catches the worm—*P. T. Barnum*.
15. Chevalier Conlebe in search of a Miss Ion—*Wyckoff*.
16. The man who owns the apple-sauce—*John Owens*.
17. The nephew of his Uncle with his toy—*Napoleon III.*
18. The Spruce (street) philosopher—*Horace Greeley*.
22. A Phillips, but not the Phillips of this establishment—*Wendell Phillips*.
23. A gallant soldier who went on expeditions by land and sea, and came safe back again—*Dunwiddie*.
24. This lady desires to be let alone—*Jeff. Davis*.
21. "Now is the Winter of our discontent made glorious Summer"—*Shuman*.
25. All aboard for Ireland—*G. F. Trade*.
26. This statue is of—*Marble*.
27. Betwixt you and me and the Post, this is—*Bryant*.
28. A filly to the taste—*Adelaide Phillips*.
29. A popular ward in Brooklyn—*Henry Ward Beecher*.
30. Handy-Andy-Dandy—*Sam Bryant*.
40. A relic of Summer—*Maj.-Gen. Anderson*.
43. A self-appointed lecturer to the representatives of Foreign Powers—*Bancroft*.
46. No blower—*Dr. Bellows*.
47. A pastoral view of a mead-ow—*Meads*.
48. A celebrated Chap-in the pulpit—*Dr. Chapin*.
49. The Irish lyre, furnished by an—*Indisignance office*.

There are several others in the catalogue cribbed almost bodily from the Press; but these I omit, lest in such brilliant company they should appear to disadvantage.

The gallery itself I have not seen, but am told that it comes nearly up to the catalogue—a statement rather hard to be believed; but as the gallery

will be on exhibition at to-day's Matinée I must go and judge for myself, and at the same time (if I can withdraw my attention long enough) enjoy an act or two of "*Lucresia Borgia*."

Maretzek closes his season, by the way, next week (giving "*The Huguenots*" for the last time on Monday), and I hear, with some alarm, that he proposes to have all the learned criticisms I have written on his different performances printed on vellum, illustrated by Nast, and bound up in a book: there's immortality for you!

After Maretzek there is a report that we are to have a short season of Grau, in order that he may "make up for his losses in Havana,"—which I rather think, however, have been slightly exaggerated.

While the Academy is closed, the Musical Head-Centre will be Harrison of Irving Hall, where, by the way, a capital concert is announced for this evening for the benefit of the attachés of the house, on which occasion a Big Organ—not from Boston, but from Odell of this city—will be tested for the first time by Messrs. Morgan and Warren, (grand organists, both), and there will be other performances by Mr. Theodore Thomas (violinist), Mr. S. B. Mills (pianist), Mr. F. Eben (tutist), Miss Emily Krauss (pianist), Miss Mary Abbott (soprano), Mr. L. P. Thatcher (tenor), and other artists,—making one of the choicest programmes of the season.

The next attraction at Irving Hall will be Blind Tom, the negro pianist, who will commence a series of his remarkable performances there on Monday evening next.

And this is all I have to say for the present, Mr. Editor, except that at Wallack's theatre Mr. Lester Wallack makes his first appearance for a year on Monday evening, as Young Marlow, in "*She Stoops to Conquer*," (repeating the same performance on Tuesday), and playing the rest of the week in "*The Wonder*" and "*How She Loves Him*"; that there will be a Cinderella Matinée at the Olympic to-day, a Dot Matinée at the Broadway, a Fanchon Matinée at Niblo's, and a Pillar of Fire one at Barnum's; and that Miss Bateman having closed her brilliant engagement in Boston, will play at the Brooklyn Academy on Monday and Tuesday next in "*The Italian Wife*" and "*The Lady of Lyons*," and on Monday week will commence a new series of performances at Niblo's, including Julia in "*The Hunchback*," Juliet in "*Romeo and Juliet*," Geraldine, Pauline, Bianca, Lady Macbeth and Leah.

All which being respectfully submitted, allow me, after inviting your special attention to the Wallack festivities of next week, to sign myself,

Yours, considerably,

FIGARO.

P. S.—Grover will commence a season of Gorman Opera at the Academy on the 16th of this month, and will be followed by Grau early in May.

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR PRESS:

If you expect me to give any account, analysis, critique, or whatever of the recently published work of Victor Hugo—"Les Travailleurs de la Mer"—you will be disappointed. I could, indeed, as well as anybody else, heap up all the high sounding epithets to be found in "*Roget's Thesaurus*," under the heads of "wonderful," "sublime," etc., and interlarding the whole of them with appropriate quotations and curt, rotund, transcendental sentences, induce you to believe that I belong to the powerful and redoubtable class of people who pass through the world under the name of critics, and enjoy the privilege of enlightening the public about what it should think or say of literary productions; but I am not in the mood. It is true, I have not read a single line of the book in question, but you know very well that if everybody was obliged to inform himself about what he spoke or wrote, the whole of life would hardly be sufficient for the undertaking. Although, therefore, I possess all the required qualifications to fill up with appropriate matter several of your columns about Hugo's work, I will not do it, for fear of not being appreciated by your American readers, who being, no doubt, individuals' might assume the antique and barbarous privilege of judging for themselves. Now if there is anything which is beyond criticism, it is a criticism; at least this is the European view of the case; and rather than expose my profound and infallible judgment to be questioned by profane readers, without regard to the high and responsible function of the critic, I will keep silence on the matter. The critic is a king; his words are recognized as laws; how could I hazard my royal prerogative with your undisciplined democrats, who are ignorant enough to know no laws but those which they make for themselves? Let them, then, get the book; I am willing they should think of it as they like.

The new gallery of the *Corps Legislatif* was opened last week to the public. You are, of course, aware that in the monarchical world it is a matter of tradition that all sovereigns and aristocrats must assume the position and title of protectors of the fine arts; this does not, of course, imply the necessity of knowing anything about them, but that is their business. In France, especially, this idea has always prevailed. The first Napoleon, who followed as closely as he could the traditions of the *ancien régime* was very anxious to protect the arts as is proved by his letters, although all his attempts in that direction ended in some annuities allowed to a few third-class artists. His generals, however, were a great deal more successful than himself in the matter, as they stole all the pictures they could secure in Ger-

many and Spain, and afterwards sold them at an exorbitant rate to the government. This, as you know, is the history of the "*Madonna of Murillo*," which is in the Louvre, and which Marshall Soult brought (not to say stole) from Spain and sold for some \$700,000. The present Napoleon and his functionaries having, for the moment, no opportunity to protect the fine arts in this way, but being equally anxious on the subject, have made up their minds to adopt the old monarchical method, which is to transform the high imperial functionaries into collectors of private galleries. To be a fine art amateur is now becoming almost an official requisite. Of course, then, M. Walewski, the new president of the *Corps Legislatif*, must needs have a gallery like M. Morny, his predecessor. The only drawback was, that before having been appointed by Napoleon he had no pictures. But a Bonaparte is not to be checked by so small a difficulty, and M. Walewski, within a space of two months has actually formed a gallery. The way in which he did it is, again, very simple. Most of the pictures have been taken from our public Museums—especially from that of the Luxembourg. The rest consist of some tolerable copies of the great masters, and a few originals of third-class painters. In this manner M. Walewski obtained doubtless a sufficient collection, but the question is, is it entitled to the name of a gallery? It has been said that two pictures, if well chosen, might constitute a gallery. If that is true, which I concede, it is nevertheless equally true, that hundreds of pictures picked up at random will not make a gallery. However, M. Walewski was not embarrassed by this consideration, for his gallery, if it has any claim to the name, is suggestive of nothing but of thorough want of taste. It cannot, in fact, bear the least examination. Still, as most of the frames are fresh and beautifully gilt, it will, doubtless, create a sensation, at least, among his parasites, and will not fail to be mentioned in the "*Stranger's Guide to Paris*."

At the Porte St. Marcin's Theatre a new drama called "*Les Chanteurs Ambulants*," by M. Amédée Rolland, was played last week. Though M. Rolland had previously gained a well-deserved reputation as a play writer, his new piece has proved a failure. It is full of dramatic incidents of every sort, the stage, in fact, being too small to hold the various personages required in this complicated drama—but it is utterly destitute of any literary merit, and will not remain on the stage but a few nights more. M. Jules Janin has written in the *Journal des Débats*, apropos of this play, a very interesting Feuilleton in which, after the fashion of your Feuilleton, he does not say a word concerning the drama itself, but relates the story of the famous Theresa as a strolling singer, and tells by what sequence of events the vitiated taste of the public induced her to give up her repertoire of really artistic ballads, and take to singing all the ignoble and depraved songs by which she gained a reputation and a fortune.

We have also had, this last week, the first representation, at the Odéon, of the new comedy of Emile Augier, entitled "*La Contagion*." It is a decided success, as might have been expected from so experienced and clever a playwright. The Odéon being, as you know, in the "*Quartier latin*," the house was crowded with students, and the audience was rather tumultuous, though not disorderly. Nevertheless, the police, with its strong and "paternal" hand, took some score of the young men into custody. The Figaro of Beaumarchais says that in France everything ends in songs; he ought to have said, in arrests. Napoleon attended this representation, and while the imperial carriage was crossing the *Place de l'Odéon*, the students broke forth into the revolutionary song of *La Marseillaise*. This seems to be the customary reception offered to him by the students, as last year a similar manifestation took place when he came to attend the first representation of the "*Marquis de Villemer*," by George Sand.

At the last *Concert populaire*, the overture of *La Prophète* was given. It had never been played here before in public, being always suppressed at the Academy. The March of *Tannhäuser* and of *Lohengrin*, by Richard Wagner, were also played, and were received with great applause. After the overture of the *Prophète*, a person having hired for some unknown reason, the same always and everywhere present strong and paternal police took him to the station house. Does not that justify my amendment to the above-mentioned Beaumarchais proposition.

The new comedy of George Sand, is entitled *Le Don Juan de village*. It will be played at the Vaudeville.

The book of Ernest Feydeau, called *Du Luxe, des Femmes, des Mœurs, de la Littérature*, is to be published next week. It cannot fail to be interesting, especially if the writer gives us some samples of his personal experience, as he is the worst of the ill-famed men of the press.

Eco.

PARIS, March 18.

(From the London Saturday Review, March 24.)

## MORMON MARRIAGES.

A curious and important judgment has just been delivered in the Divorce Court by Sir J. Wilde. Although it turns on the validity, or rather on the incidents, of Mormon marriages, it is valuable as defining the province of the English Divorce Court. A good deal of hazy and unsound speculation has been afloat as to the constitution of our Matrimonial Court, and it was, we believe, held or surmised that the new tribunal was founded upon some new principle. Sir J. Wilde has dispelled this mistake. He announces clearly that the Court over which he presides is a Christian Court, and that the only marriages which he is called upon to deal with are Chris-



tian marriages. He does not say that Christian marriages are the only marriages, but he does say that suitors in his Court must accept the Christian view of marriage before they can claim the exercise of his jurisdiction. The suitor in this case was a man named Hyde, who was born, and therefore is still, a British subject; and the first reflection that suggests itself is as to the difficulties which attend the present legal view of what constitutes a British subject. Hyde, being a British subject, turns Mormon, emigrates to Utah, adopts all the customs of Utah, its polygamy and citizenship, continues to be a Mormon and Utahite for years, and then, for reasons good or bad, renounces Mormonism and Utah, returns to England, and acts as a Dissenting preacher; and by virtue of his English birth, without question asked or proof adduced, he is admitted to be a British subject, and is not denied the rights of citizenship and suitorship in an English Court of Justice. The obvious conclusion is that the *Civis Romanus* is, like Holy Orders, an indelible quality. However, we are glad that the cause did not go off on a technicality, and that Hyde's British citizenship was admitted without question. To Utah he emigrated, having first acted as Mormon preacher or apostle in England and Paris. At Utah he was formally married to an Englishwoman of the name of Hawkins by Brigham Young. At this marriage he and she—so it is asserted—openly professed Mormonism, and—so it is again asserted—by consequence polygamy also; although it would be difficult to show that the Book of Mormon enjoined, or even recognised, polygamy. Dispatched on an apostolic and proselytizing mission to the South Seas, but without his wife, Hyde's eyes were opened to the wickedness of Mormonism, which he renounced. The wife still retained the Mormon profession; and on her husband's apostasy he was solemnly excommunicated, the marriage was dissolved by the Mormon authorities, and Mrs. Hyde was subsequently married again. This second marriage Hyde now complains of, stigmatizes it as bigamy and adultery, and comes to the English Court for a dissolution of marriage. Hence his appearance before Sir J. Wilde.

Captain Burton has written a book—the *City of the Saints*—in which he treats Mormonism with considerable tenderness, and here we find the Mormon account of Hyde. Hyde, it seems, once wrote a book entitled, "*Mormonism: its Leaders and Designs*," by John Hyde, Junior, formerly a Mormon Elder and Resident of Great Salt Lake City" (Pettridge: New York, 1857). And the Mormons, according to Captain Burton, "declare that Hyde—now preaching Swedenborgianism in England—when a missionary at Havre de Grace, proved useless, always shirking his duty; and that since his dismissal—which scarcely agrees, by the way, with his alleged voluntary separation from Mormonism—he has left a wife in Utah totally unprovided for." Hyde's story is that he sent for his wife from Utah, and that she refused to come. The Mormon account of the matter would be that, Hyde having apostatized and deserted his wife, she was free to marry again—"cruelty, desertion, and neglect" being, according to Captain Burton, accepted grounds for a Mormon divorce.

Sir James Wilde seems to have accepted a good deal as not calling for investigation. He brushed away all discussions on the *lex loci* by declining to undertake any investigation into the actual validity, according to the law of Utah or the United States, of the marriage, or into the regularity of the alleged divorce, or into the alleged desertion, which would, of course, have been pleaded by the wife had she appeared, and which would have had to be accounted for by Hyde before he could have obtained relief. It is perhaps as well that these matters were not gone into, for it does not appear *prima facie* that a Mormon marriage necessarily involves polygamy, as we know for a matter of fact that Mormonism permits, sanctions, and approves of, but does not impose, polygamy. It might, therefore, turn out that a Mormon marriage never contemplated more than monogamy. The first wife, even in Utah, is the wife, her partners in the limited liability of the husband being styled sisters. What it means we are not aware, but the first wife is married for time, while the others are sealed for eternity, which implies some distinction in the harem. What, therefore, Sir J. Wilde assumed was that Hyde's marriage with the girl Hawkins implied and embodied the Mormon idea of marriage—that is, of permitted polygamy—with all its consequences; and that this idea was not only expressly contemplated, but distinctly declared, in the so-called marriage. And further, that this idea of marriage was one which a Court Christian will not contemplate, or deal with, or recognise at all.

Valid or invalid, whichever the marriage was, the Judge did not pause to consider; he pronounced it to be null and void from the first, inasmuch as its basis and essence was polygamy. Substantially we agree with the learned Judge; yet it would be curious and important to know the forms or terms of a Mormon marriage, or to see that article of faith which binds the Mormon to a profession of polygamy. We do not find it in any of the fourteen clauses of their creed, as reported by Burton. But, assuming the act to be so, we may be thankful for the exposition of the province of the English Divorce Court, which has now been authoritatively given. That it has not been given before only arises from the circumstance that Mormonism is not only a novelty, but is even now only partially understood. What Sir J. Wilde has laid down applies to Mahomedanism as well, and indeed has been partially anticipated in a judgment on the question whether a Parsee marriage was within the purview of the British law.

It is not quite understood that Mormonism is something very different from a form of Protestant Dissent. In a certain sense even Mahomedanism is this. The Mahomedans protest against Rome, they dissent from the Church of England, and they recognise the mission of Jesus Christ. So do Mormons, yet all this does not make them Christians. They are not Christians who believe that another dispensation has been superadded to the Gospel. But this is just what Islam and the book of Mormon do. Mahomed and Joe Smith claim to be the complement of the founder of our religion. Therefore Mahomedanism and Mormonism do not come within the Christian category. Monogamy, in spite of Mr. Madan and Dr. Colenso, is of the essence of Christianity, and the English law declines to look at any other connection or contract than that which restricts one man to one woman, and one woman to one man. If, as the apologists of polygamy hint, Mormonism is a social necessity for the far West, where population is the one thing needful, and where, in the absence of servants, large households are required, this is, in fact, the strongest justification of our refusal to recognise it in countries like England where the whole condition of society is grounded upon different principles.

The consequences which would follow in a Christian community from recognising even a first Mormon union as anything equivalent to marriage, have been pursued by the Judge-Ordinary with a fulness and ingenuity in confuting a theory by reducing it to a palpable absurdity, which is almost amazing; and the hypothetical fortieth wife, who might turn out to be the only legal *mère de famille* out of that long array of spinsters who had called the Mormon Blue Beard master and lord, is not likely to be forgotten. Whether the desire for more wives than one has imported the doctrine of polygamy into the Mormon dispensation, as it might have done into any community released from Christian sanctions, or whether the Mormon dispensation itself is a sort of natural outgrowth of a social advance which has left religion and law in the rear, it is plain that Mormon habits are only suited—if suited for any human society—for Mormon land. We have nothing to do with Mormonism. We close our eyes to its existence; it has for us no social status. If we had interfered between Mr. Hyde and Mrs. Hyde, now Mrs. Woodmansee, we should have affirmed that she was Mrs. Hyde; and this decision might have entailed the recognition of two dozen possible Mistresses Hyde. The really curious thing about the suit is that any how Hyde, the plaintiff, must win. At least he could not fail to get what was the substantial relief which he sought. He wants, of course, to marry again; or, as Sir J. Wilde would correct us, he wants to marry. This he may now do, *salvo conscientia*, of course, and, what is more important, *salvo jure*. He sought the aid of the Judge-Ordinary to dissolve his marriage on the ground of his faithless wife's adultery. The Judge tells him that he was never married at all; and that, as far as English law is concerned, he was never anything but a bachelor. So that for Hyde it was a game at "Heads I win, tails you lose." If his marriage was a good one, it would have been dissolved by his wife's bigamy; if it was no marriage, he was never a husband. It would have made no difference in the Judge-Ordinary's decision. But what if the case had been reversed?—we mean if Hyde had continued faithful to his apostleship, and if it had been Mrs. Hyde who had returned to Christianity, and had prosecuted a divorce on the ground of her husband's polygamy. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose; and, be it man or woman who Mormonizes, husbands or wife he or she cannot be.

#### THE DRAMATIC HOPE.

The ATHENÆUM announces that the Eminent Spiritualist, Mr. Home, is about to appear as an actor on the London stage.

As we are always eager to give the public information on any head, or any tale that can be unfolded, we have great pleasure in being the first to put before their eyes the play of Hamlet, as revised and re-arranged for Mr. Home expressly by the spirit of Shakespeare himself.

Our space, however, will not permit us to publish, at present, more than one extract, being part of the First Act, Scene V.

SCENE—A more remote part of the platform. HAMLET discovered seated at a small table (C.), on which his hands are superposed.

HAMLET (with a nasal twang).—Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll rap no longer.

GHOST (raps).—Mark—(tap).

HAMLET (eagerly).—Tap! Tap!

GHOST (raps).—Wait for the rest! Mark me!

HAMLET.—I will.

GHOST (raps).—My hour is almost come

When I to credulous and demented dupes Must render up myself.

HAMLET.—Alas, poor Ghost!

GHOST.—Pity me not; but lend me serious hearing, To learn what I unfold.

HAMLET.—What!

GHOST (raps).—I am thy father's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain firm to talk at night,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature Are turn'd and turn'd away. But that I am forbid To tell the secrets of the Davenport,

I could a veil unfold, how tightest cords Would vanish through the hole, free the young brother,

Make the two boys, like stars, start from their chairs,

Their knottings and combined locks to part;  
How each particular airs for the banjo learnt,  
And trills upon the fiftful tambourine;  
But this infernal treason must not be,  
To ears of flesh and blood.

Fare thee well at once!  
The Glow worm shows the act drop to be near,  
And grinds to pall his ineffectual fire—  
A do—a do—a do—remember me!

HAMLET (pressing hard on table).—Hold! Hold!  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant cold,  
Nor stand so stiffy up—Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while mummy holds a seat  
On this distracted globe! Remember thee!

Yea—from the table, by my meamery,  
I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past.

(Table suddenly rises.)  
My tables! Meet it as I set it down.

(Sets it down.)  
How one may smile, and smile to be a medium.

(Rapping.)  
So, uncle, there you are!

Enter IRA and MARSHALLS.

IRA.—What news, my lord?

HAM.—Oh, wonderful!

IRA.—Good, my lord, tell it.

HAM.—No.

You will reveal it.

IRA.—Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MAR.—Nor I, my lord!

HAM.—There's ne'er a medium dwelling in all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave!

IRA.—There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

To tell us this.

HAM.—I hold it fit that we join hands and art,  
Such as it is—and for my own poor part,  
Look you, I will go play.

GHOST (beneath).—Lend me a hand.

HAM.—Come on—you hear this fellow in the collarage.

(GHOST stumbles beneath and swears.)

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, gentlemen,  
Swear as before—never, so help you mercy,  
How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,

As I perchance, hereafter shall think meet  
To put an antique superstition on,  
That you, at such times, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head shake,  
Or by pronouncing of some doubting phrase,  
As, "Well, well, we know," or "We could an' if we would."

Note that you aught know of me.

(They all swear horribly.)

Good victuals shall not lack:  
And still your fingers on your nose.

I pray let us go in together.

For mine is out of joint—Oh, cursed spite,  
That ever BOTHNERS rose to set us right!

Enter PLAYERS with DEPUTY RECORDERS.

HAM.—Oh, the Records! let me see one.

(He sees one.)

(Flourish of trumpets. CHAMBERS let off.)

This will suffice to show that we have good authority for what we have already said as to the dictation of the play. And we sincerely hope that Mr. Home will be called before the curtain by sustained rappings; and that a goodly shower of phantom hands will add applause to crown his success.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

##### ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

MAX MARTELL.

SEASON OF 1866.

MAJ. MARTINE.

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WALLACE'S.—  
Proprietor and Manager . . . . . Mr. LEWIS WALLACE.  
This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald.  
Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

SATURDAY,  
THE NEXT DAY,  
AND  
PAUL PRY.

will be acted the same evening, on this occasion only.

MONDAY,  
The First Appearance of  
MR. LEWIS WALLACE,  
in twelve months, as YOUNG MARLOW, in Goldsmith's Great  
Comedy,  
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

The favorite five act Comedy,  
THE WONDERS,  
and Bononcini's last new Comedy,  
HOW SHE LOVES HIM,  
will also be presented during the week.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN'S  
FAREWELL TO AMERICA,  
and  
ONLY NIGHT IN NEW YORK,  
being most positively their  
LAST APPEARANCE ON THIS CONTINENT,  
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,  
MONDAY EVENING, April 9, 1866,  
IN TWO OF THEIR GREATEST PLAYS.  
Particulars duly announced.

IRVING HALL.—  
BLIND TOM,  
The Wonderful Negro Boy  
PIANIST,  
Will give a series of his  
REMARKABLE ENTERTAINMENTS,  
Commencing  
MONDAY EVENING, April 9, 1866.

Admission 50 cents.  
Reserved seats, \$1.  
To be had at the Hall, daily, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8.

MATINEES  
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Managers . . . . . MRS. JOHN WOOD  
Stage Manager . . . . . J. H. BELWYN

This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

GRAND PRODUCTION  
for the  
EASTER HOLIDAYS,  
in a style of magnificence far surpassing all previous efforts, with  
New Scenery . . . . . by . . . . . HAYES  
Music, selected and arranged . . . . . THOS. BAKER  
Mechanical effects by W. Sanders; properties and appointments  
by W. Henry; correct and elegant costumes by J. Bullock.

AT A GREAT EXPENSE,  
SATURDAY EVENING, April 7,  
AND EVERY NIGHT TILL FURTHER NOTICE,  
the Romantic Spectacular drama in three acts, from the French of  
Alexander Dumas, entitled  
THE THREE GUARDSMEN,  
With a cast of characters seldom equalled but never excelled,  
including,  
EVERY MEMBER OF THE COMPANY.

AKNE OF AUSTRIA . . . . . MME. MATHUA SCHILLER  
CONSTANCE (Her Cousin) . . . . . MRS. JOHN WOOD  
In which character she will sing a new romance, written and  
composed by herself, entitled  
"I LOVED HIM AT FIRST SIGHT."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—By GENERAL ENQUIRY,  
On SATURDAY, April 7, and WEDNESDAY, April 11, 1866,  
will be given  
A GRAND MATINEE OF  
CINDERELLA E LA COMARE.  
Commencing at One o'clock.  
Doors open in the evening at 7½. Curtain rises at 8.  
SEATS SECURED THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.  
Lessee and Manager . . . . . WM. WHEATLEY

WM. Wheatley has the pleasure of announcing that  
MISS BATEMAN  
Will commence an engagement for a limited period, on  
MONDAY, APRIL 10th, 1866.

The series of representations will be the last Miss Bateman will  
give this season, and in order to afford every facility to the patrons  
of the Theatre, the performances will be announced, and seats  
may be secured, one week in advance.

In accordance with the general desire, Miss Bateman will ap-  
pear, during the engagement, as  
Julia, in The Hunchback,  
Juliet, in Romeo and Juliet,  
Gertrude, in Hamlet,  
Pauline, in Lady of Lyons,  
Blanche, in Fazio; or, The Italian Wife,  
Lady Macbeth, in Macbeth,  
Leah, in Leah,  
And for the first time in this city,  
PASTORINA, IN INCOMAR.

First appearance of Miss Bateman in New York in three years as  
JULIA, IN THE HUNCHBACK.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—  
Lessee and Manager . . . . . Wm. Wheatley

This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald.

ONLY  
MATINEE  
OF  
FANTOM,  
THE CRICKET.

THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON.  
Doors open at 1 o'clock.  
COMMENCING AT HALF-PAST ONE.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.  
Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets  
THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE  
IN THE NEW YORK HERALD  
AUSTRALIAN LIVING BIRD SHOW,  
Comprising a splendid Collection of the  
RAREST SPECIES.  
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 3; EVENING AT 7½.  
A STARTLING WONDER,  
THE APHIX.

A REMARKABLE AND UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.  
POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK OF  
THE SPECTACULAR HISTORICAL DRAMA  
MOSES, OR, ISRAEL IN EGYPT.  
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, COSTUMES AND APPOINT-  
MENTS.

MOVING PANORAMA OF THE NILE.  
GREAT LIVING CURIOSITIES.  
THE WILD AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN,  
supposed to have belonged to a  
RACE OF CANIBALS.

GIANT AND GIANTESSE—THREE DWARFS.  
TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS—GLASS BLOWERS.  
THREE-HORNED BULL—PERSIAN SHEEP.  
Albino Boy, Comedians, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand  
Aquaria, 100,000 Curiousities.

Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.  
VANDERLIP & TAYLOR,  
(SUCCESSORS TO A. HANKIN & CO.)

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
HOSIERY, UNDER GARMENTS,  
FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

No. 95 BOWERY, AND No. 339 BROADWAY

AND  
No. 345 FIFTH AVENUE,  
(Corner of 12d street.)

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER.



(Continued from Page 3.)

resolution finds words in "He won't get it without fighting for it, that's all I've got to say."

The fates were propitious, for Cuss and old David had scarcely left the room when the former's opponent in the coming fight, the great Zeb Spice, whose "science" is a proverb, came in. He looked clean, smart, and prosperous, was faultlessly attired as a sporting gentleman, smiled benignly but knowingly at me, much as if we shared between us the secrets of the ring, and then gracefully presented the editor with a couple of portraits of himself. A much more agreeable specimen of humanity than the savage-looking Cuss, Mr. Spice verges on dandyism in his apparel and ornaments. His magnificent chest and limbs were clothed in garments befitting the daily associate of the rank and fashion of Puddlepool, his breast-pin, ring, watch-chain, and silver-mounted switch, were massive and costly, his voice was per-suasive, and his manner ingratiating. It pleased me to hear him say that after May he would fight no more, but limit his attention to the great Puddlepool gymnasium he is said to rule so well. I learn with breathless interest, though, that he has "a big 'un in training, who'll be quite clever enough for O'Boldwin," and infer that Spice's heart is, after all, in the ring he promises to leave.

Tommy Scotch, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, formerly, I hear, a well-known fighter at eight stone five—I like exactitude—has a boy he wishes to put to school, and, after the usual knock at the door, comes up to the desk to consult with, and receive encouragement and advice from, the editor. Beattie is about to take a benefit, and hands in the particulars, which are duly filed and published. Walloper and friend are uneasy as to the day fixed for their fighting, and request another look at "the articles." Bloss brings in the news that a second bobby's been sent to watch the crowd outside;—there was a fight there of seven rounds without interruption a fortnight before. Benny Bailey thinks he won't be "fit" in time for his mill; and George Fibbins asks for the return of the two pounds deposit-money he left here some time back, "which ain't never been covered yet." All these people, and many others who enter in rapid succession, are prize-fighters, or their tutors, disciples, and abettors, and every arrangement is made upon the purest business principles and in the most systematic way. The deposit receipt is produced, examined, and endorsed by the editor, and Fibbins walks down to the cashier's department much as a man would do who was transferring his savings, or drawing the interest due to him from some provident bank.

To him succeeds Mr. Jennett, "Farmer Jennett," the well-known bookmaker, of the great Guelph betting-club, who is interested in the monument about to be erected to the memory of the late Mr. Sayers, and who, I take the liberty of remarking, is as clean and wholesome looking a little gentleman as the most fastidious could desire. A shrewd bright eye and pleasant smile, a hard and rather dried-up face, quick decided movements of hands and arms, and a neat assortment of jewellery, including a very hozy breast-pin, are the points in Farmer Jennett's appearance I remember best. He was Mr. Sayers's principal backer as well as one of his most influential and trustworthy friends; and he is now his executor and the guardian of his memory. The Farmer is disappointed at not seeing the design for the monument, but is gratified to hear that it will be completed in about nine months, and that it is to consist of a mausoleum with closed doors, guarded by Mr. Sayers's mastiff, in white marble, and adorned by a medallion portrait of Mr. Sayers outside. Should the sculptor want an advance, Mr. Jennett is ready for him; should the editor wish to see the farmer at any time, a line to the Guelph will be his best plan, for "being so much out of town when racing's on, I ain't always good to find in London." Enter here, hoarse and toothless, Bill Kind, of Westminster, who is fifty-two years of age, and is engaged to fight another man as old as himself. Mr. Kind looks older than he is, and hands in the announcement of the public-house benefit he proposes to take before going into training, with an agreeable growl, such as one might look for from an amiable wild beast. "Hon'ly thirty shillings a side stated in last Saturday's Sleepless, which it oughter be twopundten," refers to the amount of the weekly instalment paid by each combatant. And Mr. Kind departs gladdened by the promise that this important matter shall be set right.

Another knock at the much suffering door, and a tall young fellow, with heavy bloodshot eyes, swollen discolored cheeks, and a good-tempered sheepish expression on his vacuous face, comes in. This is Augustus Oils, "the defeated but not disgraced" of Monday. The sympathetic greeting, "He's too big for you, Gus!" was evidently appreciated by the vanquished man, who fumbled nervously at his cap, and, though he smiled and laughed when speaking of his defeat, was evidently mortified, discomfited, and out of spirits. The repetition of, "It only shows, sir, wot a bad judge Willy Sands must be, who told me I could beat him," seemed to afford some meagre comfort; but the "He's too big for any one, that's my belief," came out with marked sincerity; and poor Oils retired, after thanking all present for their kindness. Having brought his poor battered carcass to be seen, he was grateful not to be twitted on its having suffered in vain. He was accompanied by a very funny old man, whose eyes seemed staring in astonishment at their owner being still alive. Trainer, valet, hanger-on, or backer—it was not quite clear in which of these capacities he figured, or why he figured here at all. Mourningly despondent when insisting that the condition of Oils was perfect on the day of fighting, he became timid and nervous

when mention was made of the compensation-benefit to be announced in to-morrow's Sleepless. "Let us 'ave no names mentioned as backing Gus, or bringing him to fight—a old friend of Field's, that's all." This speech, given with the air of a detected conspirator, was repeated mechanically and at short intervals during the stay of himself and Oils. Nay, five minutes after they had left, the door reopened, and the prominent eyes and queer figure-head face again looked timorously in, and, as a parting shot, whispered mysteriously: "No names mentioned, if you please"—and then pointing with thumb to waistcoat, with the air of a man making a startling and perfectly novel admission—"an old friend of Field's, that's all." When this elderly nuisance has retired finally, I ask whether Oils had his front teeth knocked out last Monday, or in previous conflicts, and, much to my surprise, receive "Stomach" for answer. The curious point of this reply, and of its effect, is, that it seems to be made, and is certainly received, under a certain sense of injury. That poor Oils should lose his teeth from natural causes, instead of having them knocked down his throat, seems a violation of the fitness of things, and an irregularity on the part of Oils to be condemned. So, when I hear that the "clever lad," young Walloper, who is engaged to fight another "clever lad" for five pounds a side, and who has heard that Spice and Cuss "as changed their day of fightin'"—when I hear that his false eye is due to an accident instead of to the prize-ring, I cannot help feeling that Walloper is to blame.

The victorious Welsh mammoth, O'Boldwin, comes in jubilant, attended by his friend and second Davie Garden, whose hostility is his head-quarters, and as such is regularly advertised as the champion's home. The mammoth has a grievance. He is described in the papers as O'Boldwin, and as six feet seven inches high; whereas he "never 'ad a Ho to his name, and six foot five and a 'arf is the most he hever stood." Rectification is promised, and the mammoth is appeased. I look respectfully at the hands which have made the cheeks of Oils to be like over-ripe pears, and the eyes of Oils to be as if set in beetroot; and I find them large, bony, and not over-clean. I glance at the feet which have "toed the scratch" so recently and triumphantly, and I see that they are of a size proportionate to the mammoth's height. "Mind you don't knock your head," was a necessary warning as he stooped to enter the doorway; and the "Don't understand anything about it, sir," in reply to a question as to his alleged leaning to Fenianism, sums up to a nicety my estimate of his character. Not understanding anything about it, would I imagine, but too accurately express poor Boldwin's ideas of the world outside the prize-ring. Like his late opponent, he seemed the personification of good temper; and if it were respectful to so describe the heroes of a protracted battle, I should say they were a couple of overgrown school-boys, each of whom is as wax in the hands of associates and leaders craftier than themselves. The red-faced publican old Davie Garden is in great force, for as the ostensible backer and trainer of Boldwin—I drop the "Ho," as requested—he has made money and reaped honor from the victory. Full of cheery suggestions for the future, and successive triumphs for his man, the alloy inseparable from earthly happiness appears in the profoundly sad reflection: "You see, you can't fight everybody!" which chastens his otherwise exuberant joyousness. That Spice has "a dark big 'un" down at Puddlepool, who might do for Boldwin; that Turpin might fight agin if we tempted him with a hoffer; that Pike Badun wants to fight the Mammoth; and that a jist benefit for 'im and Oils will be shortly given in the hope, so as to keep off the East-enders, are the heads of Mr. Garden's discourse: who throughout the interview gives one the impression of a man on consummately good terms with himself and his little world.

The next visitor, Raven, bore a striking contrast to Boldwin; for while the latter's face had scarcely a scratch upon it, the former was plastered and patched, and had the disappointment of going home that night to Warwickham without having settled the supremacy with his rival, Rile. "I have very good flesh, sir, very good indeed!" was his modest acknowledgment of the compliments paid to the fewness of his scars. For though, to my uninitiated gaze, a monster cavity over the right eye, seamed and swollen cheeks, and divers strips of white plaster over and about a face which looks pallid from loss of blood, present a shocking spectacle enough, they are but slight indications, if the battered condition of the man at the fight the day before, be remembered. Cob Rivers and a sharp business-looking man, who was one of Raven's backers, accompany the latter now, and an order is given for the money staked to be given up. Rile had drawn his, before my arrival; and a terrible rumor reached the editor's room soon after, that he was in the hands of "the Philistines," and had been accompanied to the bank where the cheque from the Sleepless office would be cashed by two light-hearted gentlemen, who are fond of card-playing, and renowned for their good fortune. Cob looks half Jew, half mulatto, and is fashionably dressed in a long black surcoat, an obtrusive bright green scarf covering his chest. The backer, the fighter, and he, chat pleasantly about Raven, "first taking a little rest," and then challenging some presumptuous pers on unnamed, who was publicly vaunted his superiority. A short talk as to the probability of the other backers following the liberal example of the one present, and giving Raven the money they staked on him; and the trio depart.

I thank the editor of the Sleepless for the privilege so courteously accorded me; and take my leave. Pondering upon what I have seen and heard,

I pass absently into the street, still filled with raffish loungers, and am only roused from a painful reverie by having a dirty finger thrust in my face, while its owner asseverates with many others as he points me out for the admiration of his fellows: "Tell yer he's the cove as found the money for Davie Garden to back Boldwin with, and he's just come out o' the Life office, vere he's bin a droring the stakes."

## SANS MERCI.

The author of Guy Livingstone is a clever writer, who depicts bold rous and fashionable Dellahs with much enthusiasm, and in a style the tawdry flashiness of which is suited to the subject. An atmosphere of languid divans, velvet cushions, flashing jewels, rare wines, tobacco smoke, ecarté, flowers, perfumed beauty, and kid-glove ruffians steams up from every page: and scraps of French, and continual references to the knightly days of old, attest the scholarship and chivalrous learning of the author. If a troop of crusaders had got loose into the Haymarket, and required a troubadour to sing of their daring amatory exploits, they could not hit upon a better candidate for the post. The author of Guy Livingstone is too moral a novelist to be even indirectly an apologist for sin. But "such things are." The world being made up of beautiful adulteresses, of unscrupulous but fascinating dragoons, of gamblers, and loungers, who like to be petted by other men's wives, and other men's wives who like to pet them, with a sprinkling of honest country gentlemen who ride splendidly after hounds, and have no notion of all the wickedness about them, why should not the world be delineated as it is? All this is very sad, and the author is too scrupulous to profess that it is right. In common with all moralists, he dislikes and deplores vice. But if he is to have vice, he likes it served up in a luxurious way, with bits of Alfred de Musset to give it an educated flavor, and a dash of old chronicles to remind him of Lancelot and of Guinevere. Men and women in the nineteenth century cannot help the fever in their blood; the men cannot help wishing to be Don Juans, and women must be, as heaven has made them, infernally distracting; but at least we can all of us endeavor to look like Holbein's pictures, and set our teeth, and die hard, and take the buffetings of fortune with a courtly smile and hum French songs, and, if the worst come to the worst, poison ourselves with an air of polished stateliness. In this sorrowful and imperfect dispensation there are not, after all, so many things much nobler than a raffish, seductive, forcious, duelling foreign count. A fine old English squire, who never distrusts his wife till he finds her out, is of course higher. But everybody cannot be a fine old English squire, wrapt up in his pheasants and his dogs; and if everybody was, the wives and mothers of the country would not stand it. What so many English ladies, being frail mortal creatures, do like is depicted in Sans Merci; and though no Pollah count comes in person on the stage, his virtues are there, and shine grandly on us from the various characters who supply his place. Life is life, and must be painted as it appears; and the author of Sans Merci paints it with a fine free literary swing, which is admirably fitted to do justice to the merits of any fictitious hero who can succeed in uniting the courageous tastes and the fashionable elegance of the crusader and the billiard-marker.

The heroines of Sans Merci are a little meretricious and frivolous, but they have at all events one merit—they are all pretty. The author of Guy Livingstone, with great good sense, has no notion of wasting his powers on creating ugly ladies. He is quite right. There is no sort of use in doing so. Feminine artists have a moral duty to perform. It is their business to prevent handsome women from having it all their own way; and lost governesses, or blue stockings, or really plain girls should be discouraged, or fall out of the running, feminine writers have a kindly way of helping the weaker specimens of their sex, and putting occasionally an ugly but lovable heroine in the front of the battle. But a male novelist cannot see things in this philanthropic light or squander romantic material for the sake of giving a lift to the governess world. The author of Guy Livingstone obeys a pardonable and natural instinct in liking to have his heroines well made and good looking, and as it is as easy to make them one thing as another, his taste for paper beauties can be cheaply and plentifully indulged. Lady Laura Brancepeth accordingly drives about in her phaeton in haughty beauty, with full firm lips and bold bright eyes, graceful and careless, prodigal of her smiles, and chary of her sighs. Blanche Ellerslie, who trips delicately over the pavement to her pony carriage, round which lounge three or four officers in mufti, has a pair of large liquid eyes of a color ever changing; and when she speaks, there is a plaintiveness in her low sweet voice, as if she sought for sympathy in some secret sorrow. Yet, "O my friend," continues the author, addressing himself very affably to the general reader, in that flattering familiar way novelists have when they wish to be thoroughly engaging, "I bid you beware. Blanche Ellerslie has wrought as much mischief in her time as any Vivien of them all, and is still insatiable of conquest." Then there is Bessie Standen, the low-born beauty, with golden hair, an aquiline nose, "a broad white brow overhanging the splendors of brightest blue eyes, less apt to melt than to sparkle," and a "glorious complexion, in which red and white are too rarely mixed for imitation by any human hand." Marion Charteris, with rare beauty of a peculiar type, which gorgeous masses of rich red hair does not injure,

\* Sans Merci; or, Kestrel and Falcons. By the author of "Guy Livingstone."

looks like a master-piece of Tintoretto. And, finally, we have the Belle Dame sans merci, Lady Dorillon now, Flora Bellays that was, in the days when Guy Livingstone was to the fore. She is so lovely as not merely to take away our own breath, but to take away the author's breath too. "More years ago than are pleasant to count, I, who write, tried to sketch that same face; and failed, I dare say, as I surely could fail now." This way of getting over the difficulty strikes us as being quite original and ingenious. For fear that any one should think that the author's description is ineffective, he takes the precaution of warning us that he has got in his mind's eye an idea of beauty which he never can expect to express, and the bare conception of which positively knocks him down. We are ready to believe that he is trying to think of something ineffably beautiful, and can only sympathize with the hard necessities of novel writing which require him to make an effort to tell us what his thought is like:—

A few summers have passed over her head since she first sat for her portrait; but no shadow of change has marred her royal beauty. The superb figure has fulfilled the promise of youth; no more the severest sculptor could not wish it lighter by a line; the bright healthy blood mantles as richly as ever under the soft olive skin; but the clear rose tint is not a whit too warm in color; the features, though they bear the stamp of strong passions and stronger will, are still matchless in delicacy and refinement of outline; more liquidly lustrous than ever, dream or glitter the faithless hazel eyes.

If Lady Dorillon's eye go on in this way, getting more and more liquidly "lustrous" every time the author tries to think of her, we cannot wonder that his difficulties in telling us about her increase. She has already got a "loveliness that absolutely 'kills' the outward attractions of other women," and what on earth she is as she appears to the inward soul of her novelist, if this is a weak delineation of her, heaven alone can tell; and the reader never can hope to understand.

It is pleasing to think that the male Don Juans who have to cope with all this galaxy of beauty are themselves by no means unequal, as far as personal appearance is concerned, to the task. Vincent Flemmyng, the youngest of the seductive lot, reproduces the best points of his mother's face in his own—great delicacy, regularity of outline, dark expressive eyes, and a complexion very clear though pale. Lord Ransborough, who is attached to Mrs. Charteris, is tall and dark, with hair and beard trimmed after a foreign fashion, and features decidedly attractive in spite of the utter languor that pervades them and broods in the large sleepy eyes. Strangers looking on him thought it a jest when told that he is one of the hardest men over a country that ever sat in saddle, and that seldom has fletcher or stancher stalker dealt death among the deer. Bertie Grenvil, called—or as the author of Sans Merci in his own graceful way would perhaps say, "yelept"—by his friend the Ucherub, has soft chestnut hair that branches the tresses of his partner in the waltz, and a low musical voice, murmuring broken sentences that furnish her with texts for after meditations. On this occasion he contents himself with flirting with the betrothed of a stout country rector. "I doubt if, during the next week at least, she will hear the heavy step of her plerotic affianced without a guilty shudder of repugnance." Vereker Vane, the military lounge, who is dancing, when we first meet them, with Blanche Ellerslie, is still more striking. His soldier face is set, and his eyes are glittering with a sort of fierce eagerness. "Even so many have looked and some tawny-haired rover in the rough old times—carrying off his beautiful prize through shivering lanes, or over angry waters." These and other lovely and dangerous loungers make up the array. The time to see some of them at least in all their beauty is when the ladies have retired, and the gentlemen are gathered in the smoking room. The author of Sans Merci lingers fondly over their smoking costume, and their dressing-gowns, in a fashion which teaches us how on such occasions that noblest of God's creatures, the nineteenth century crusader, should be dressed. The grand beings who set their teeth hard and make love to their neighbor's wives are always picturesque. You may know nature's gentleman not merely by his cynical audacity, and his bold disregard of the seventh commandment, but by his dressing-gown as well:

The three (Bertie Grenvil, Cecil Castlemaine, and Denzil Ransborough)—sitting side by side, as it chance—make rather a picturesque group from the very contrast of coloring.

The Ucherub is a thing of beauty indeed; in rich maroon velvet, brodered down every seam with glittering arabesques; his small shapely feet cased in slippers to match, bearing his monogram in heavy raised gold. Ransborough is in velvet, too, blue back as his own hair and eyes, unrelieved by a single thread or stitch of lighter color; the effect is good, albeit intensely sombre; he might have stepped out of the frame of a picture painted in Venice ten score years ago. Beyond him is Castlemaine; scarcely less magnificent than the Ucherub, but in a very different style. With the present court fashion of lounging attire Cecil will have sought to do; his portly figure, on these occasions, is ever draped in an ample dressing robe such as Eastern looms can weave, wherein hues, gorgeous in themselves, are so deeply blended that they produce but a soft and harmonious. On the opposite side of the hearth is De Vane, in sad-colored raiment, perhaps more costly than the other three; for that ransborough is worth more than its weight in gold, even in the shadow of Kashmirian hills.

The author of Sans Merci, as we saw above, knows and uses the full privileges of fiction. It is no more trouble to have a heroine with lustrous eyes that baffle description than to have one of a plainer pattern, and it is no more cost to him to turn out his heroes with dressing-gowns from Kashmir than from Piccadilly. It reminds one of the liberality of the Scotch teetotalist, who, in his moments of prodigality, used to exclaim—"Hang expense! let's have another kettle." Dressing-gowns from Kashmir may be worth more than "their weight in gold," but the author of Sans Merci, when he imagines a dressing-gown, likes to imagine a good one, and says very wisely—"Hang expense, let us go at once to Kashmir." And to Kashmir accordingly, in a princely and noble way, he goes.



The plot of the story turns on a danger to which Marion Charteris has exposed herself, and on the method by which the cruel Flora, the Belle Dame sans merci, rescues her from the same. Marion Charteris is left by her husband at Rome, and amuses herself during his absence in a perilous flirtation with Vincent Flemmyng, to whom she writes, in a fit of enthusiasm, a fatally compromising letter. Vincent Flemmyng is a selfish and ungenerous man. He keeps the letter, and reappears with it in his possession at her Charteris Royal country house, where all the company of the piece are assembled, determined so to use his advantage as to bend Marion to his will. Poor, frightened, dove-like Marion flutters to the side of Lady Dorillon, and confides to her the secret. Vincent will not give her back her letter, and by this time she sorely repents her of writing it, and is no longer in love with her young admirer. Flora Dorillon undertakes to save her, which she does by allowing her own fatal spell to fall on the imprudent Vincent. He becomes, of course, bewitched; for who can withstand Lady Dorillon, or how many lives have her awful charms not withered? "Bewitched. It is a pretty word to write. Do you know what it means sometimes?" says the author, addressing himself again in his usual affable and interrogative way to the general reader:—

It means that a mind has become suddenly warped and marred, as a body might be by a palsy stroke; so that the plainest precepts of law, divine or human, seem weary lessons learnt by rote long ago, and no worth remembering; it means that a man would stab his best friend in the back to win one of the witch's smiles; and rob an altar to buy gewgaws for a white neck or rounded arms; and sell his family honor in the mud, like a threadbare coat, to keep a woman's slipper unsold.

Being thus bewitched, Vincent surrenders Marion's letters to Lady Dorillon's keeping. But not for that does he win Lady Dorillon. At last, wearied by his assiduity, she lets him know how he has been duped. It is a powerful and passionate scene. He stoops down over her, hoarsely whispers a frightful and unprintable curse with white writhing lips in her ear, leaves the mark of purple finger prints on her firm white arm, and darts, with death on his face, from her house. "Did you ever read 'The Lay of the Brown Rosary'?" again asks the interrogative author. Because, if we ever did, we may know that the curse, which really cannot be given in detail, was like the curse of the buried nun in that poem. Vincent Flemmyng, having uttered it, has nothing left but to poison himself; and—"let me speak the truth even to the miserable end," to which request we can only reply, "By all means speak away"—Vincent Flemmyng died, as he had lived, a professed and consistent infidel. Lady Dorillon hears of her new victim without remorse, though with a natural horror. While she is being told, her husband enters from the background. Turning in surprise and amazement, the narrator of Vincent's tragic close finds himself face to face with Sir Marmaduke Dorillon. "With his spare erect figure and rigid features, framed in the dark curtained doorway, the new comer looked like some grim master piece of Holbein."

It would probably be useless to suggest to the author of Guy Livingstone and of Sans Merci to have done with all this pernicious and tawdry view of life, and to change once for all his favorite subject, and his way of treating it. But at any rate he might in mercy spare us a number of literary tricks, the repetition of which becomes insupportable to the reader. If he has anything to say, surely he might say it simply and plainly, without all the graces and turns and mannerisms, and "Ah me!" and "I think," and "I doubt not," and "Did you ever read," and "Have you ever seen," that are merely irritating and wearisome. And we do not really believe that it is a proof of romantic genius to put nouns after their verbs, and to say what is to be said upside down. Why, for instance, if allusion is to be made to the late Mr. Leech, is it necessary to make it in such a sentence as the following: "Not in this generation, I think, shall the painter arise, able to wield the pencil that dropped from those dett fingers, all too soon." Perhaps, however, it is natural that an author, whose taste for creating nineteenth-century crusaders and Flora Dorillons is happily a peculiar one, should also have his own peculiar views about literary elegance.—*London Saturday Review.*

#### THE LOST ART AT CLASSICAL SEMINARIES.

Among the many wrongs that I suffered during my school-time—a period which it is only the poets who venture to misrepresent as agreeable—I set down as the most mischievous this wrong, that my handwriting was ruined. The seminary at which I was a pupil was unfortunately a Classical or Fashionable one. No young gentleman was supposed to be in a position that so vulgar an accomplishment as calligraphy could possibly become necessary to him in after life. If you gave them the ideas and a dictionary, there were few of us who had not the "faculty divine" of constructing Latin verses; but as for the hand in which they were transcribed—you might think it had been an ingenious effort of our little toes. In a school preparatory for Eton, however, such learning as how to write was no more to be expected than the art of book-keeping by double entry, and therefore Parents and Guardians were not disappointed. Once in a term, indeed, we each indited an epistle to our friends at home, under the surveillance of Dr. Swissem and his crew of ushers; but it was felt on all hands to be a very unsuccessful affair. The composition, it is true, was elaborate and ornate, and about as unlike what a boy would write, if left to himself, as can be conceived.

My DEAR [M or P.]—I write to inform you that

the school-term will be completed on the 29th inst., upon which day, please to make arrangements for sending for me, if you can conveniently. Dr. and Mrs. Swissem request me to convey to you their best compliments. Hoping you are in good health, I remain, dear [M. or P.], your Affectionate Son.

It would not be credited by Messrs. Piesse and Lubin, perfumers, how execrably those "holiday letters" were permitted (in so fashionable a seminary) to smell of india-rubber. But the fact is, that not only had the parallel lines, without which our communications would have been more or less diagonal, to be rubbed out, but also an immense amount of dirt, produced by tears, perspiration, jacket-cuffs, and other matters all incident to this tremendous ordeal; not to mention that half a dozen blades of penknives were used up in the work of erasures. The delicate manner (we called it "gingerly") in which the second "r" in "arrangements" (omitted in the original (was inserted by the doctor himself, in as good an imitation of the writer's own style as his sense of propriety would permit, and the final flourish in which the signature was enveloped, as at the conclusion of some pyrotechnic display, were efforts which would have excited our admiration, if boys had such a tribute to give. They were really wonderful to us, most of whose native hieroglyphics would have defied the subtlety of Colonel Rawlinson or any other decipherer who had been only accustomed to deal with cuneiform inscriptions. I say most of us, because some of us had been very respectable writers before we came to Dr. Swissem's and owed our subsequent failure entirely to him and his system. I myself, for instance, remember the time in my early boyhood when I could read with tolerable ease any sentence that I had once written, no matter though forty-eight hours might have intervened; whereas, as an adult, such a feat has been utterly impossible. The learned serjeant in the *Pickwick Papers* who is described as so indifferent a penman, that his best efforts could only be read by his clerk, his moderate ones by himself, and his usual ones by neither, was yet better than I; for after a day and night have elapsed, I can make absolutely nothing of my own writing. It was a "Calligraphic Mystery" long before the Stereoscopic Company patented *this*; and were fit not for my wife, to whom the gift of interpretation has been revealed, and who copies out all my manuscripts for the press, the general public would know nothing of their favorite author. But stay, I am anticipating. It was never supposed at Minerva Lodge that any pupil would subsequently so far degrade himself, and it, as to endeavor to make a living by his pen. The possibility of such a misfortune—to do my revered master justice—never entered into the doctor's brain. We were all country gentlemen's sons, and it was hoped that we should remain in that position of life in which it had pleased Providence to start us.

But even a country gentleman has sometimes to write an invitation, and even an Address to his Constituents, if he aspires to sit in St. Stephen's (and does not get it written by somebody else), and therefore I contend that Dr. Swissem should have taught us how to write. Perhaps he imagined, as the advocates of classical education maintain in the case of History, Geography, and the Modern Languages, that Writing is too contemptible a subject for the intellect of youth to grapple with, and may be safely left for subsequent acquisition. But, at all events, he need not have spoiled "the hands" of those who had hands. This, however, was effected most completely by his system of punishment by Impositions. If I was caught "out of bounds," or eating sausages in bed, or putting slate-pencil into a keyhole, or (worse than all) if nature, overburdened by an early dinner, gave way during the doctor's sermon, and I fell asleep at Church, there ensued an imposition; that is, I was compelled to copy out, from a classical author, a certain amount of lines, varying from a hundred to one thousand. In the case of a very flagrant outrage—swigging the doctor's table "ale" (it never wore Mr. Bass's triangle, I am certain) upon the sly—I say, in the case of that depraved young gentleman, Maltworm minor, I have known an imposition of two thousand lines of the poet Virgil to be set in punishment. There was not much in common between Dr. S. (who was a foolish little round man, given up to heraldry) and the bard of Mantua, but they were always hereby connected in our minds, and bated with an equal rancour. How our fingers scoured over those odious hexameters, until they grew stiff and sore, and refused to form the letters! How we scratched and scrawled, and dug into the paper, with those execrable steel pens! What strange inventions were made use of (though never patented) to shorten the cruel mechanical toil—surely almost as bad as the Crank of our model prisons—by tying half a dozen pens together, and imputing the vice of repetition where our author had never been suspected of it before!

In short, although of the positive results of my education at Minerva Lodge I have but little to boast (for I soon forgot how to compose Latin verses), that little was more than balanced by the fact, that my handwriting was utterly ruined by its imposition system. Excessive speed was the only virtue which it nourished in the way of penmanship; we soon got to write "running hands." But as for the art of writing, as a means of communicating information to others, it lapsed altogether, and was lost from amongst us, as completely as the method of staining glass is said to have disappeared from the whole human family.

"Spirit-hands," to judge from the few specimens of the penmanship of the other world with which we have been favored, are not particularly adapted for

setting "copies," and, indeed, much remind one of the wanderings of a spider, recently escaped from an ink-pot; but "spirit hands" are as copperplate specimens of calligraphy compared to my hand. To people who can't spell, a bad handwriting is some advantage; for in cases of doubt—such as whether the i or the e come first in Believe or Receive—they have only to make their customary scrawl, and the possible error becomes undiscoverable; but the nature of my profession has compelled me to acquire this accomplishment (no thanks to Dr. Swissem), and I have rarely any occasion for concealment.

There was one person who discovered ground for congratulation upon this my shortcoming, and only one. He was a gentleman who lived a life of leisure, and he confessed that my letters gave him greater pleasure than those of other friends, because they "lasted him so long." The first day upon which he received one, he would discover, after half-a-dozen perusals, a glimmering of what was intended to be conveyed; the next day, some interesting detail would crop out; and by the end of a week, if some sentence did not emerge with a flash which altered the entire complexion of the affair, he found himself (with the assistance of his family, and any ingenious friend who happened to be enjoying his hospitality) in possession of all that I had wished to say. But this gentleman's case was an exceptional one. When my wife was unable to copy my deathless works, the Compositors murmured and rebelled. They only knew English, they said; not Sanscrit. My *Essay on the Assyrian Bull*, for instance, with some Remarks on its Treatment under Rinderpest, as suggested by the Nineteenth Frieze, cost my publisher seventy pounds in printer's charges for 'erasures and alterations' alone. I am so ashamed of my own performance, that I dare not save my fingers by employing a 'multiplying machine' even for business-letters. My small children make me blush for my inferiority, when they show me their 'pothooks and hangers,' and I shall not easily forget that moment of embarrassment, when one of them, in the absence of her governess, asked me to set her 'a copy.' 'Dear papa, please write me out a line of *Re*.' I could as easily have written down the genealogy of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. Even the two ingenious 'blind men' at the Post-office were unable to decipher me except by mutual consultation. My envelopes took ten times the period that other illegibles did in passing through their hands. They doubtless puzzled over the efforts of all those who had, like myself, been educated at Minerva Lodge, but the profession of literature—the trade of the constant scribbler—had in my case so thoroughly completed the evil which Impositions had begun, that I was *facile princeps* among even them: the most infamous of all bad writers. Literature needs have no such effect as this, if the previous training has been good. Some foolish persons think it is a mark of genius to write ill, but this is a great mistake. I look over my own epistolary treasures, and see with shame how quite otherwise is the case.

*Place aux Dames.* This neat little microscopic hand, every letter of which is legible, belongs to the authoress of *Our Village*; and these bold and well-formed lines are from the same fingers which wrote *Deerbrook* and the *Crofton Boys*.

This free and manly hand (the best I know) is that which set down the *Domestic Annals of Scotland*; and this, perhaps the next best, so firm, distinct, and yet so flowing, is the same which has moved mankind at will to tears and laughter, from the days of *Pickwick* until now. To judge by this bold running-hand, the *Woman in White* was no Dead Secret to the printer; and here is the clear legible work of those dead fingers which shall paint, alas, no *Colonel Newcomes* for us any more.

Had I possessed the genius of all these writers combined, I should yet have been as one who preaches in an unknown tongue, edifying no Reader (and, least of all, 'the Reader' who is employed by the printer), but for the fair Interpreter of whom I have spoken; and even she was useless to me in some things. There are letters which one cannot get one's wife to write for one; and my correspondents grew rebellious, and threatened to cut off all communication with one who gave them so much trouble. A business friend in the city, declaring that 'my telegraph-hand was much better than my writing-hand,' insisted upon hearing from me by the wires only. Finally, a 'round-robin' was addressed to me from the members of my own family, requesting that I should take writing-lessons of a professor, and enclosing thirty shillings to defray his charges for the first six lessons. I make it a rule never—under any circumstances—to return people's money, and, at the same time, I am too well-principled not to apply what I receive to the purpose for which it is intended. At the age of forty-five, therefore, I began to learn that science which I had acquired at eight years old, and lost during my residence at Minerva Lodge.

"Impositions, eh?" remarked the professor as soon as he set eyes upon a specimen of what the painters would call my "latest style."

"Yes," said I, "that was the beginning of it; but Literature was the finishing school."

"Don't believe it, sir," returned he. "I have had hundreds of adult pupils, who all write like this—only certainly not quite so badly. Not one school-boy out of ten who has been brought up on classical principles can write a legible hand. The head-masters ought to be flogged all round."

"Or even where the boys are flogged," suggested I; but he didn't understand this allusion.

"You will require to take a dozen lessons instead of six, sir," continued he severely.

And he spoke within the mark, for before I left

his establishment, cured, I had to take eighteen. I consider that if the law of England was framed upon equitable principles, it would enable me to "recover" the sum of four pounds ten shillings from the executors of the late Dr. Swissem; but I need not say that such is not the case.

My friends, of course, with the exception of the Gentleman of Leisure, were delighted with the result attained; and the compositors who have the pleasure of setting up this paper can scarcely believe their eyes. But I am by no means altogether freed from the consequences of my late deformity (for that's the very word). A most respectable tradesman, to whom I gave my first cheque after this wondrous change, was, upon presenting it in person at my banker's, at once taken into custody upon the charge of forgery. He has brought an action against the firm for defamation of character, and I am subpoenaed as a witness in the Central Criminal Court. My old cheque-book will be there produced, and the signatures(?) contrasted with the way which I have recently acquired—including a beautiful flourish like an Eagle—of subscribing my name. It will not, therefore, be necessary to humiliate myself by further confessions, since, for the culmination of this sad history, readers may consult the public papers for themselves.—*All the Year Round.*

#### THE LADDER OF FAME.

AN ALLEGORY.

I once saw the Ladder of Fame,  
It stood o'er a ditch full of slime,  
And its foot was the halt and the lame,  
And strong men were striving to climb.  
And all eyes were fixed upon one,  
Whose triumph shone out in his face;  
And they spoke of the deeds he had done,  
And he still appeared rising above.  
But his triumph soon changed into doubt,  
And he looked round amazed and perplexed;  
For a slave of the ladder was out,  
And he couldn't reach up to the next.  
So he sought inspiration from Love;  
I scarcely could catch what he said,  
When "a brother" who stood just above,  
Turned and struck him a blow on the head.  
At this, there arose a loud cry,  
And two ill-looking men—Jones and Brown—  
Who stood on the ladder close by,  
Endeavored to hustle him down.  
But his grasp was so stubborn and tight,  
That his knuckles were rapped all in vain;  
And he sent out his feet left and right,  
Till his enemies writhed with their pain.  
Then one cried aloud, "It were base  
For the man to be driven to yield!  
Let us succor his sorrowful case."  
But alas! all in vain he appealed,  
For the people cried, "Give it him, Brown!"  
And pelted the poor man with stones,  
And scoffed at his hopes of renown,  
And cheered on the efforts of Jones.  
Then Brown seized him fast by the feet,  
And Jones said, "We'll teach him who's who!"  
And "the brother" proclaimed him a cheat,  
While the little boys shouted "Bunseo!"  
And the wisacres seeing him prest,  
Talked loudly of "pride and its fall,"  
And "the notions some people possess,"  
"It didn't surprise them at all!"  
"They knew he would never get up,  
"His place was with them down below;  
"The silly, conceited young pup,  
"They saw it a long time ago!"  
And those whom he fancied his friends  
Now joined with the others who jeered,  
And tried hard to thwart all his ends,  
But the little man still persevered;  
And his face grew uncommonly red,  
When, I noticed, Love lent him a switch,  
Which he very soon swung round his head,  
And Brown and Jones splashed in the ditch.  
Then Love lent him wings, and he flew,  
With proud flashing eyes and bent brow;  
And "the brother so faithful and true"  
Was quickly hurled headlong below.  
At this there arose a great shout,  
And they lauded him up to the skies;  
For now there could not be a doubt  
That he would continue to rise.  
And they said that the man for the time  
Was Robinson—(that was his name),  
A man who was certain to climb  
To the top of the Ladder of Fame!  
Then Robinson took off his hat,  
And bowed with his hand on his breast;  
And the people cheered loudly at that,  
And Brown and Jones cheered with the rest.  
Then lots of folks helped him along,  
And gaily he sped on his way;  
And "the brother" confessed himself wrong,  
While the little boys shouted "Hooryay!"  
And the wisacres looked very wise,  
And said, with his courage and wit  
Of course he was certain to rise,  
And they weren't astonished a bit!  
They had watched him since first he began,  
And nothing could keep him below,  
For he was a wonderful man!  
They said so a long time ago,  
Now, my friend, whose'er you may be,  
I think you will surely discern,  
Without any prompting from me,  
The lesson I'd have you to learn.  
Of that there can scarce be a doubt,  
But I hope you won't take it amiss  
If, for dull people's sakes, I point out  
That the moral I am at is this:—  
If your lot in this life should be hard,  
Men will treat you with scorn and neglect;  
For they always mete out their regard  
By the credit that *yours* will reflect.  
While you till your poor acres alone,  
They will mock as they sit and carouse;  
When your wide fields are harrowed and sown,  
They will hasten to lend you their ploughs.  
If your foes should be thoroughly thrashed,  
They will see your success with delight;  
But if your own head should get smashed,  
Their verdict will be "Serve you right!"  
For how noble soever your race,  
The world lays it down as a rule—  
"To succeed is to be a great man,  
To fail is to be a great fool!"

The Dragoon.

WILLIAM HENRY HAWWOOD.



